the weekly Standard

MARCH 2, $2.95

ATTACK IRAQ
THE EDITORS

God and Man IN ALABAMA

From ground zero in the culture wars, a report on the skirmishes over school prayer and the Ten Commandments

BY MATT LABASH

Lewinskys and Lawyers and Leaks, Oh My!

TOD LINDBERG • JAY NORDLINGER
MATTHEW REES • DAVID TELL

#BXNFMVD******5-DIGIT 94301
#943010555UNZ R2# AUG 03 98 048021
217000 94301 0555 UNZ R08 000515
RON UNZ 0124 001
371 xxC 003
555 BRYANT ST
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David Brinkley on Change

"For more than 50 years, I've reported on change."

"I've seen world leaders come and go, I've seen governments crumble and borders redrawn, and through it all I've noticed that the only thing that doesn't change is people. We're still all more alike than we are different.

"I've always felt the best way for nations to keep the peace is to supply people with food, not weapons. Back in the 1950s, President Eisenhower said, 'Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies...a theft from those who hunger and are not fed.' Eisenhower was a true champion of change.

"Feeding the world is one way to make sure things change for the better."

Supermarket to the World

ADM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly Standard

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 24 • MARCH 2, 1998

2 SCRAPBOOK

4 CORRESPONDENCE

6 CASUAL
Christopher Caldwell, Man of the Yearbook.

7 EDITORIAL
Attack Iraq

8 LET'S HOPE HE'S LYING
Is Clinton serious about Iraq? *by* **Charles Krauthammer**

9 THE GOP GOES AWOL
Does the party want Bordonaro to win? *by* **Fred Barnes**

10 THE LIMITS OF STARR POWER
Politics, not law, matters most. *by* **Tod Lindberg**

13 TAILGUNNER TORRICELLI
Clinton's man in the Senate. *by* **Jay Nordlinger**

15 ALL THE PRESIDENT'S LAWYERS
A vast, legal conspiracy. *by* **Matthew Rees**

17 WASHINGTON LEAK IN REVIEW
Clinton's anti-Starr strategy. *by* **David Tell**

40 PARODY
The *Times* is pleased to announce a wedding.

Cover by Kevin Chadwick

19 GOD AND MAN IN ALABAMA
A report from ground zero in the culture wars. *by* **Matt Labash**

25 THE ANTI-DIVORCE REVOLUTION
The debate on marriage takes a surprising turn. *by* **Pia Nordlinger**

Books & Arts

31 WHODUNIT? Dorothy L. Sayers and the mystery of English fiction. *by* **J. Bottum**

34 GEORGE STEINER IN AMERICA An erratic life. *by* **Margaret Boerner**

36 THE WRITER ALSO RISES How Hemingway became a legend. *by* **Brian Murray**

38 THE SCIENCE OF HOLLYWOOD Moviegoers have reasons that reason knows naught of. *by* **John Podhoretz**

William Kristol, *Editor and Publisher* **Fred Barnes,** *Executive Editor*
David Tell, *Opinion Editor* **David Brooks, Andrew Ferguson,** *Senior Editors* **Richard Starr, Claudia Winkler,** *Managing Editors*
J. Bottum, *Books & Arts Editor* **Christopher Caldwell,** *Senior Writer* **Jay Nordlinger,** *Associate Editor*
Tucker Carlson, Matt Labash, Matthew Rees, *Staff Writers* **Kent Bain,** *Art Director*
Victorino Matus, *Assistant Editor* **Jacqueline Goldberg,** *Assistant Art Director* **Pia Nordlinger, Christopher Stump,** *Reporters*
John J. Dilulio Jr., Joseph Epstein, David Frum, David Gelernter, Brit Hume,
Robert Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz *Contributing Editors*
David H. Bass, *Deputy Publisher* **Jennifer L. Felten,** *Business Manager*
Nicholas H. B. Swezey, *Advertising & Marketing Manager* **John L. Mackall,** *Advertising Sales Manager* **Lauren C. Trotta,** *Circulation Director*
Doris Ridley, Carolyn Wimmer, *Executive Assistants* **Jonathan V. Last,** *Research Associate*
Kristin M. Alvarez, Jamie L. Kolton, Adam Langley *Staff Assistants*

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013) is published weekly, except for the first week of January and the first week of September, by News America Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY, 10036. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Send subscription orders to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153. Yearly subscriptions, $78.00; Canadian, $98.00; foreign postage extra. Cover price, $2.95 ($3.50 Canadian). Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage and handling). Subscribers: Please send all remittances, address changes, and subscription inquiries to: The Weekly Standard, Customer Service, P.O. Box 710, Radnor, PA 19088-0710. If possible include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. For subscription customer service, call 1-800-983-7600. Send manuscripts and letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Weekly Standard Advertising Sales Office in Washington, DC, is (202) 293-4900. Advertising Production: call Natalie Harwood, (610) 293-8540. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 930, Radnor, PA 19088-0930. Copyright 1998, News America Incorporated. All rights reserved. No material in The Weekly Standard may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. The Weekly Standard is a trademark of News America Incorporated.

The Audit Bureau Member

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Injustice at the Holocaust Museum

Walter Reich, director of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, was doubly abused when he was fired last week for having opposed a visit to the museum by Yasser Arafat. First, he was right in trying to block the Clinton administration's cynical effort to get Arafat to tour the museum, ostensibly to learn for the first time the horrors inflicted upon the Jewish people. And second, Reich was *proven* to be right in suspecting that Arafat wanted only to exploit a Holocaust-museum visit as a photo opportunity in his war against Israel.

Blame Dennis Ross and Aaron Miller, resident Mideast gurus at the State Department and museum board members, for the idea of an Arafat tour.

They are intelligent guys who had to know the chance a visit would warm Arafat's heart toward Israel and Jews was slim to none. Still, when Reich balked, they leaned on museum board chairman Miles Lerman to get the visit reinstated. It was—but Arafat, in Washington to confer with President Clinton, never showed up. Why not? Well, the Monica Lewinsky scandal had just broken, meaning the press was occupied and wouldn't give lavish attention to his visit. So he begged off, saying there was a scheduling snafu. Actually, if photographers and TV cameramen weren't going to show up—they're the "photo"—then Arafat wasn't about to provide the "op."

The good news therefore is that the Holocaust Museum hasn't had to endure the indignity of extending VIP treatment to Yasser Arafat. The bad news is that the director who tried to preserve the museum's dignity lost his job for his efforts.

My Funny Valentine

Last year, alleged ex-intern Monica Lewinsky allegedly took out a Valentine's Day ad in the classified section of the *Washington Post*, allegedly meant for her alleged presidential paramour, Bill Clinton, with whom she was allegedly having an affair. Addressed to "HANDSOME" and signed, coyly, "M," the ad consisted of a quote from *Romeo and Juliet*—well known to Miss Lewinsky's generation as a movie starring Leonardo DiCaprio. This Valentine's Day, alert reader Nicholas Dujmovic was glancing through the *Post* classifieds and found this sonnet to "SCHMUCKO" from one M, apparently an intern of the Elizabethan age:

When Schmucko swears that he is made of truth,
I do believe him, though I know he lies,
That he might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.

Thus vainly thinking that I think him young,
Although I know his days are past the best,
Simply he credits my false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest.

*But wherefore say I not I am his sl*t?*
And wherefore says he not he is a creep?
O, lust's best habit lies in sleazy smut,
And office lust lusts not a probe too deep:

Therefore I lie with him, and he with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

The New Sid Blumenthal

After last week's Weekly Standard cover story on Sidney Blumenthal, "Hillary Clinton's Brain," the word around the White House was that Blumenthal had switched from working on the scandal defense team to a new task—helping to convince the American people to back President Clinton's Iraq policy. Yes, Blumenthal was one of the White House officials responsible for concocting the Clinton/CNN "town hall" fiasco in Columbus, Ohio. We're not making this up. The idea, of course, was to show American unity.

This has been a favorite theme of Blumenthal's, according to a White House official who is "not an enemy" of Sid's. During the last presidential campaign, apparently, while Blumenthal was "technically" still working at the *New Yorker*, he was also pushing his "One America" idea to the first lady and Dick Morris. Indeed, Blumenthal reportedly helped infuse this "idea" into Hillary Clinton's speech to the 1996 Democratic convention and the president's 1997 State of the Union address.

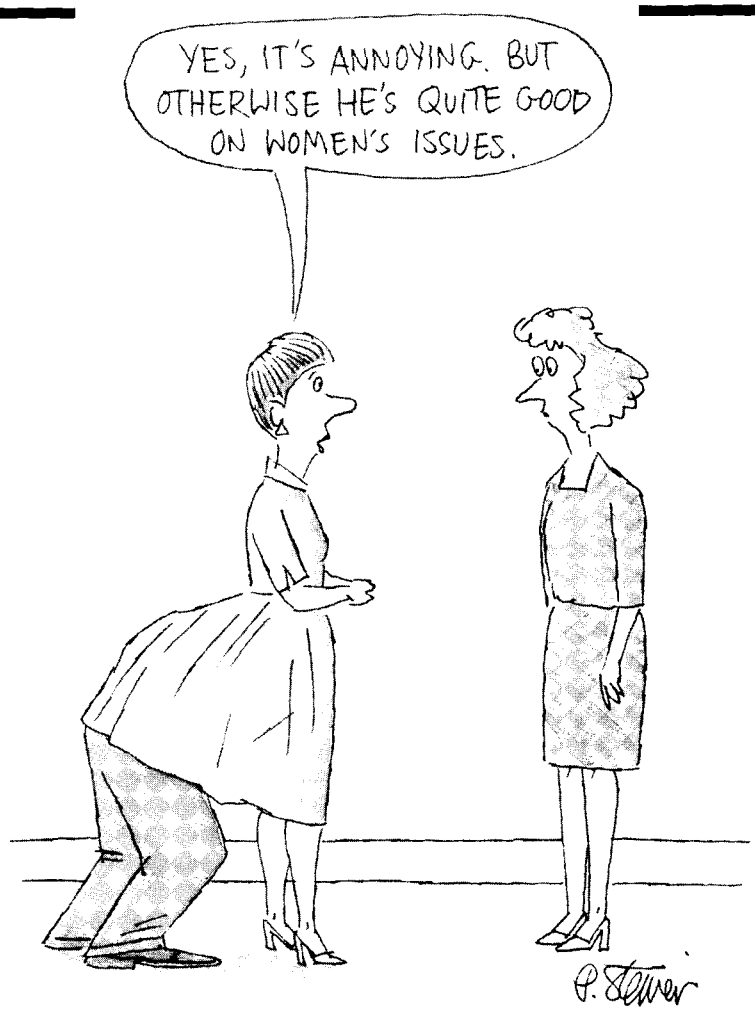
New Dead-Sea Scrolls!

A philologist has mailed to The Scrapbook this fragment of a previously unknown Hebrew manuscript recently discovered near Qumran:

. . . And it came to pass in an eveningtide, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scrapbook



WOMAN PAINTING HERSELF; AND THE WOMAN WAS FAIR TO LOOK UPON. AND DAVID SENT AND ENQUIRED AFTER THE WOMAN. AND ONE SAID, IS NOT THIS BATHSHEBA, DAUGHTER OF ONAN THE THEODOLITE? AND DAVID SENT MESSENGERS, AND TOOK HER; AND SHE CAME IN TO HIM AND DID UNTO HIM ACCORDING TO THE MANNER OF THE CUSHITES, GREAT OF FLESH, AND SHE RETURNED TO HER HOUSE. AND BATHSHEBA ROSE AND SOUGHT JAEL HER MISTRESS AND TOLD HER WHAT HAD BEFALLEN HER AND SHOWED UNTO HER THE TOKENS THEREOF.

NOW WHEN DAVID LEARNED THAT JAEL HAD SEEN THE TOKENS HE WAS SORE AFRAID, FOR THE WOMEN OF THE PLACE SAID, SAUL HATH SKEWERED HIS THOUSANDS, AND DAVID HIS TENS OF THOUSANDS. AND NATHAN THE PROPHET CAME BEFORE DAVID AND SAID, DIDST THOU GO IN TO THAT WOMAN? AND DAVID SWARE AND SAID, NOT IN THE BIBLICAL SENSE. AND ALL THE PEOPLE SAID AMEN.

THEN WAXED THE WIFE OF DAVID EXCEEDING WROTH AND SPAKE UNTO THE ELDERS SAYING, FOR THEY ARE IN LEAGUE AGAINST MY LORD, YEA, EVEN THE SONS OF GOG AND MAGOG, AND SHE CURSED NATHAN BY HIS GODS. AND ALL THE PEOPLE SAID AMEN. THEN DAVID SENT UNTO JOAB THE CAPTAIN OF THE HOST AND SAID, GO THOU AND JOIN BATTLE WITH THE MIDIANITE, THAT THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE MIGHT TURN AND NOT LOOK UPON THE TOKENS OF BATHSHEBA. AND JOAB ROSE AND DID ACCORDING TO THE COMMAND OF DAVID HIS LORD. AND THE WIFE OF DAVID CALLED UNTO HER TWO MEN, SONS OF BELIAL, AND SAID, I WILL THAT YOU FETCH ME THE HEAD OF NATHAN THE PROPHET UPON A CHARGER, FOR HE HATH BLASPHEMED AGAINST GOD AND AGAINST ME, WHICH COMETH TO THE SAME THING. AND THE TWO MEN WENT AND TOOK NATHAN THE PROPHET AND SLEW HIM, AND BROUGHT HIS HEAD TO THE WIFE OF THE KING.

BUT WHEN THEY DREW NIGH UNTO THE KING'S HOUSE, THE ELDERS SPIED THEM AND SPAKE SAYING, WHEREFORE IS NATHAN DEAD, AND WHEREIN GUILTY, THAT YOU HAVE BEHEADED HIM? AND THE MEN ANSWERED AND SAID, FOR NATHAN AND SHIMEI SON OF GERA HAVE CAST STONES AT THE KING, SEEKING HIS LIFE. AND THE ELDERS CAME INTO THE PRESENCE OF DAVID AND SAID, LET THY WORDS BE TRUE AND WREAK NO FALSEHOOD AGAINST US, WAST THOU STONED INDEED? AND DAVID RENT HIS GARMENTS AND SWARE, NOT IN THE BIBLICAL SENSE. AND ALL THE PEOPLE SAID AMEN.

BABBITTRY

Philip Heymann, veteran of the first-term Clinton Justice department, last week contributed an op-ed to the *New York Times* that displayed the sort of too-clever-by-half legal reasoning increasingly prized in the Clinton era. Interior secretary Bruce Babbitt, Heymann argued, should be investigated by an independent counsel because he is sure to be exonerated of the allegation that he was paid off by one group of Indian casino owners to stop a competing casino from opening. Said Heymann: "Even if Mr. Babbitt's decision was affected by the fact that the five rival tribes were contributors to the Democratic party, it wouldn't matter. The behavior would be improper but not criminal." Babbitt would be criminally liable "only if he explicitly or implicitly promised a particular decision in exchange for contributions to the Democratic Party."

So now we get it. . . . Harold Ickes cuts the deal with the contributors, but he's not liable because he doesn't make the actual decision. Babbitt makes the decision, but he's not liable because he didn't cut the deal. Nice work if you can get it, and, if you are a Clinton appointee, apparently you can.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Miss America's Words of Wisdom

I agree with everything Venus Ramey, Miss America 1944, said in her open letter to Kate Shindle, Miss America 1998 ("Dear Miss America," Dec. 29/Jan. 5).

The only way to strengthen the American family is to encourage our young people to be chaste—to wait for sex until marriage, where it belongs. The media, the government, and some of our schools make it too clear where our young people can get condoms. They don't need such instruction from someone who can use the Miss America title to be a role model for life.

I expect Kate Shindle will feel differently when she has children, especially girls, of her own.

LYNDA MEAD SHEA
MISS AMERICA 1960
MEMPHIS, TN

Anti-anti-Communist

Greg Mitchell calls me a "red-baiter" for noting the stark division between Democrats like Harry Truman and Jack Kennedy—who showed themselves alert to the Soviet threat in the late 1940s—and those like Eleanor Roosevelt and Helen Gahagan Douglas, who apologized for Moscow's domination of Eastern Europe ("Pink Down to His Boxers," Correspondence, Feb. 23).

Douglas's memoirs, published in 1980, offer her own honorable testimony to that early Cold War division. She writes: "Harry Truman knew of my opposition to hard-line American tactics. He was hearing the same message from Mrs. Roosevelt, who believed that Russia had legitimate concerns about its security and that America should be prepared to go halfway to meet those concerns."

Churchill's speech at Fulton, Missouri, gave us, of course, a less felicitous label for those "legitimate concerns about its security" that led Russia to grab and hold Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and all the rest.

Tricky Dick and the Pink Lady reveals a parallel division today: between those who blame the horrors of the Cold War on the Communists and those like Mitchell and Oliver Stone who, with all the benefits of hindsight, continue to hunt for their culprits among the anti-Communists.

CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWS
WASHINGTON, DC

Consistent *What*?

I read with amusement your report of the comments made by Julianne Malveaux ("Bon Mot from Malveaux," Feb. 16). Malveaux expressed the hope that Clarence Thomas's wife would "feed him lots of butter and eggs" to induce early heart disease. She apparently assumes that Thomas's wife cooks for him, and cooks breakfast yet. Also, Malveaux cautioned that Linda Tripp's

allegations ought to be viewed through the filter of the "ugly stick she's been beaten with."

Evidently, Malveaux subscribes to two of the most pernicious stereotypes about women: that wives are servants of their husbands and that a woman's character and credibility should be judged according to her attractiveness.

Philosophically consistent feminists should be in high dudgeon over these remarks.

J.H. SHALE
SAN DIEGO, CA

Asian Contagion Antidotes

David M. Smick offers a needed corrective to those who assert that the Asian crisis is of little consequence to our economy ("Is Asia Still Melting?," Feb. 16). The National Association of Manufacturers currently estimates that the "Asian contagion" will cut our economic growth by roughly one-half of a percent, bringing growth for the year down to about 2.5 percent overall.

The reality of the Asian crisis underscores the need for $18 billion in U.S. funding of the International Monetary Fund. From 1986 through 1996, over one-third of our economic growth came from exports. Roughly 96 percent of potential world customers live outside our borders. Increasingly, our standard of living is going to be determined by our engagement in the international marketplace. Adequate IMF funding is a linchpin to ensuring a healthy world and a healthy American economy.

To the maximum extent possible, we need to ensure that our leaders bear the full consequences of their actions. Yet concerns about the so-called "moral hazard" are outweighed by the greater hazards of letting the Asian economies collapse, the global economy suffer, and America walk away from its leadership responsibilities. Our government needs more effectively to monitor the enforcement of IMF country-specific reform packages. We must make sure that IMF assistance does not inadvertently result in subsidized manufacturing overseas.

The Federal Reserve also can alleviate some of the severity of the Asian crisis by easing monetary policy. In 1998, industry will be unable to raise prices due to competitive forces at home and abroad. Given that higher productivity is offsetting labor costs, the Fed should provide greater liquidity to the money supply so that lending institutions can more readily offer capital both to Asia and to domestic sectors needing immediate financial resources.

Smick is likely correct in arguing that we have not yet felt the full effect of the Asian crunch. But this effect can be ameliorated if the United States maintains its global economic leadership. It can do this by funding the IMF and making money more available to those who need it and will use it responsibly. This is good economic policy as well as a matter of our vital national interest.

JERRY J. JASINOWSKI
PRESIDENT, NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS
WASHINGTON, DC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve a factual look at...

"Land for Peace"

Can it solve the problems of the Middle East?

There has been much emphasis for years, intensified in recent months, on the "land for peace" formula to solve the long-simmering problems of the Middle East. Translating this slogan into plain English means that Israel should surrender Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), Gaza and the Golan Heights to the Arabs. Once that happened, it is thought that peace and tranquility would soon come to the troubled Middle East.

What are the facts?

A totally new concept. The concept of "land for peace" is a totally new one in the history of the world. It was formulated for one specific purpose only, namely to persuade and pressure Israel to give up territories that it has administered since the Six-Day War of 1967. By its victory in that war, Israel wound up in possession of these territories. Contrary to what many are led to believe, the "West Bank," the focus of today's attention, had never been part of any Arab country. It was part of Palestine, a territorial unit that, by the Mandate of the League of Nations and in line with the Balfour Declaration, had been designated as a national home for the Jewish people.

Thus, while the concept of "land for peace" is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself and had really never been questioned before the days of the Israel-Arab conflict. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came. Instead, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their three unalterable "nos": no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel.

Should be 2-way street. In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan to the Israeli government. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations with its neighbor, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the world; the port and naval installation of Sharm-el-Sheik, which safeguard Israel's access to its port of Eilat; and the oil fields that Israel had developed and which had made Israel self-sufficient in its energy requirements. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

One would expect that the concept of "land for peace" would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the Arabs is considered "holy Arab soil" and its possession by the "infidels" (Christians or Jews) is inadmissible, intolerable, a blasphemy, a case for "jihad" (holy war). No compromise, no concession is ever possible.

> "A new idea, perhaps even a good one... but it needs to work both ways to be valid and effective."

Conflict is with Arab nations. The "land for peace" formulation is now applied mostly to the Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") the Gaza region, and the Golan Heights. Israel's foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs, in exchange for "peace." But no peace will come about by Israel's giving up these areas of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use this land as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the Palestinians. It is first of all between Israel and the Arab nations. With the exception of Egypt, and now of Jordan, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has it ever occurred that *they* might trade land for peace as, for instance, yielding the "West Bank", Gaza or the Golan to Israel for the sake of peace. Egypt certainly made no territorial concessions for the sake of peace and neither did Jordan. Both countries drove very hard bargains to which the Israelis, in their unending quest for peace, acceded. There is never any accommodation on the part of the Arab, never even a gesture of tentative friendship. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of
$_____ /25C

My contribution is in the amount of $100 or more. Please send me your videotape on three important aspects of Israel's strategic situation, fiery speeches by Yassir Arafat, and some memorable moments with Louis Farrakhan.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State ____ Zip _____

Mail to : FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Casual

CHEESE!

For days after the nation made her acquaintance, it looked as if something terrible had happened to Monica Lewinsky, something even worse than serving as the amatory equivalent of a spittoon and then getting the "Never heard of her" treatment. Networks kept showing a black-and-white picture of Monica—wan, disoriented, and dumpy—that led one to think she'd drowned, or been killed in some car crash or wilding incident. That's because it was the "senseless tragedy" picture, the picture of last resort, the picture the press gets when even the paparazzi can't bring themselves to invade a grieving family's privacy: the high-school yearbook picture.

There is no such thing as a good one. At my high school north of Boston, every student was plunked into the same chair in a room above the gym and told to look at the same spot high up the wall. So each page of the yearbook would show 24 teens with their chins aimed at the same spot in the northeast corner of the page, like a Lacoste-shirt version of a Soviet propaganda poster.

Candid shots were worse. The yearbook staff was made up of every loner whose father owned a camera. Once they had settled on a stupid name for the whole effort—"Reveille" or "Ripples in the Pond" or "Palimpsest"—they spent most of their time photographing each other doing headstands and squashing bananas on their foreheads. But there was still enough film left over for endless shots of some wag making the V-for-cuckoldry sign behind the heads of various teachers and hall monitors, Paul G. groping Kathy M. under the lunch table, the gym teacher digging in his nose, and Pudgy T.'s bum-crack arcing out of his dungarees as he stooped to pick up his notebook.

Worse than the pictures were the biographies. In junior high, Mike F., Georgie H., and I agreed we would write each other's yearbook entries. Georgie was the best athlete and the handsomest kid in our class, and close to the richest. Mike and I paid him due tribute in the ellipsis-laden stream-of-consciousness style popular at the time:

> *Wendy ("Afternoon Delight") . . . Laurie . . . Student-Athlete Award 1976 . . . Susan ("Hold Ya Till I Die") . . . MVP (baseball) . . . Pam ("Chevy Van") . . . Amy . . . Susan2 . . . MVP (football) . . . Susan3 . . .*

Mike and Georgie wrote me up in the same genre, but without quite the wealth of material. Across from the picture of me in my alligator shirt, gazing skywards with a slack mouth full of braces, tongue, and drool, they had strung together such portents of greatness as they could assemble:

> *Riding his bike to the store . . . paper route . . . "Chris, mow the lawn!" . . . Getting picked up after school by his grandfather . . . Going to McDonald's for a fish sandwich . . .*

The write-up Mike got was the most literary of the three. Mike was still waiting for his growth spurt. That would be our leitmotif! "Inch for inch, Mike is the greatest athlete in the world," Georgie and I wrote. "—But then you have to consider his height! His future goal is to reach five feet." And on and on, with jokes about how Mike *dwarfed* the competition and would probably marry someone who was *fond of shrimp.*

I still feel guilty about that, a guilt assuaged only by the knowledge that what we'd done was no worse than what students routinely brought on themselves. Why did Peter M. include his nickname, which was "Piddle," or Randy S. include *his*, which was "Martha"? Why all the paeans to dope smoking? ("They call Ricky the Doobin King and host of the Bong Show.") Actually, I *know* why: It was the only extracurricular activity everyone at my high school shared.

Others copied down as epigraphs the lyrics to favorite rock songs. Separated from their melodies, they leapt from the page in Dadaist splendor:

> **Margaret K. ("Bug-Eye")**
> Cheerleading Jr, Sr / Math Team Sr
> Midnight at the oasis,
> Sing your camel to bed.
> *—Maria Muldaur*

"I was a free man in Paris / I felt unfettered and alive *—Joni Mitchell,*" did not necessarily imply that the student in question had ever left Massachusetts. "Great spirits have always faced violent opposition from mediocre minds *—Einstein,*" was popular among those on the junior college track. And "I love you . . . I honestly love you—*Olivia Newton-John*" was a favorite of those whose high school experience of love was limited to Olivia Newton-John songs.

Which brings me back to Monica, and which is why I see the hand of the White House in the release of her yearbook photo. I smell intimidation, conspiracy, and blackmail. Why else would Monica have said nothing in the four weeks since the story broke? Why, indeed! Unless someone in the White House has got to her and said, "Deny, deny, deny—or we'll release the whole yearbook."

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly Standard

ATTACK IRAQ

Here's the one moment from last week's ludicrous CNN "town meeting" that is worth preserving for posterity. A veteran named Mike Mac Call addressed a serious question to the Clinton administration's national-security vaudevillians, Madeleine, Bill, and Sandy:

> I spent 20 years in the military; my oldest son spent 25. My youngest son died in Vietnam. Six months later, his first cousin died in Vietnam. We stood in the gap.
>
> If push comes to shove and Saddam will not back down, will not keep his word, are we ready and willing to send the troops in? You see, I have no problem with asking any one of these guys in the armed forces to stand in the gap for me now—we stood in the gap for them back then.
>
> And I want to know—I think all of Congress wants to know: Are we willing to send troops in and finish the job, or are we going to do it half-assed? Are my grandson and some of these other grandsons [someday going] to put their lives on the line [because] we're going to do it half-assed the way we did before?

Secretary of defense William Cohen replied:

> Let me be as direct as I can. I just returned from visiting our troops on the *U.S.S. George Washington*. I visited our troops on the *U.S.S. Independence*. Each and every one of those young men and women who are out there are prepared to do whatever is necessary in order to contain the threat.
>
> What we are seeking to do is not to topple Saddam Hussein, not to destroy his country, but to do what the United Nations has said in its declarations—and we want to insist not only on words, but deeds. We want the enforcement of the U.N. declarations—and these young men and women are prepared to carry out that mission.
>
> We do not see the need to carry out a large land campaign, in order to try to topple Saddam Hussein. Our mission is to get the inspectors back; if they can't get back, to make sure he can't constitute or reconstitute this threat.
>
> Thank you.

And thank *you*, Secretary Cohen. Thank you for making clear that the Clinton administration has no answer to Mr. Mac Call's excellent question. We're not going to finish the job because we have defined our mission as not finishing the job—that, unfortunately, is the sad truth about President Clinton's Iraq policy.

That is why he is having so much difficulty "selling" his policy—both abroad and on Capitol Hill, and in venues like Columbus, Ohio. The reason people are reluctant to buy is that the product is flawed. The fact is, it would have been easier to rally support for a comprehensive political and military offensive aimed at removing Saddam—one that would not hesitate to use ground troops along with air power. Such a strategy would have represented a better and more easily defended course of action than the course President Clinton chose; and such a strategy remains a better course of action for the future.

Having said that, we need to face reality: Containment is the strategy this administration has chosen. And containment—especially tough-minded, more-force-rather-than-less containment—is a lot better than appeasement. To use the forceful vernacular of Mr. Mac Call: A half-assed military response is better than a no-assed response. Saddam Hussein must be punished for his misbehavior. He must be made to pay a price for attempting to build weapons of mass destruction. And he must at least be set back in his efforts to build those weapons.

So we should bomb, and bomb a lot, and bomb in a way that does as much damage as possible to Saddam's arsenal and his power base. We must not bomb simply to "send a message." And we must not be in a hurry to end the bombing so as to resume "negotiations" or "diplomacy." We should certainly not accept another phony, temporary "resolution" of the crisis. Saddam Hussein *is* the crisis. And a serious bombing campaign could be the first step in a strategy to remove him.

That's not the administration's strategy right now. But it could become the strategy. Meanwhile, a fig-leaf compromise brokered by the U.N. would be disastrous. The president will be right to attack Iraq. The attack should be serious, substantial, and sustained. And if the attack is a first step and not a final step, the first in a series of steps that lead to Saddam's removal, last week's pathetic town meeting will soon be forgotten. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let's Hope He's Lying

by Charles Krauthammer

God, I hope he's lying. In the Lewinsky affair, the mantra of President Clinton's defenders is, "I hope he's telling the truth." Regarding Iraq, however, the only hope for the country is that the president is not telling the truth about his avowed goals.

Those avowed goals have now been whittled down to merely "diminishing" Saddam's stock of weapons of mass destruction. As a goal for a major military strike, this makes absolutely no sense. By their very nature, weapons of mass destruction are deadly in even the smallest quantities. As the secretary of defense himself pointed out in a dramatic little television show-and-tell last November, a five-pound bag of anthrax is enough to destroy half the population of Washington, D.C. After Saddam's arsenal has been "diminished," he will still have enough five-pound bags to kill all the people he could ever want to.

Which is why the only hope for the coming war is that the president is deliberately misstating American goals. The only air campaign worth doing, and the only one worth supporting, is a massive, continuous, relentless air assault aimed not at weapons of mass destruction (which are hard to find and easy to hide) but at the pillars of Saddam's power, the visible, findable, political and military resources that keep his people prostrate and in thrall: the secret police, the republican guards, the army, the presidential palaces.

Such a campaign may not succeed, but it is the only one that has a plausible rationale and at least a chance of success. Anything short of that simply guarantees—rather than merely risks—Saddam's coming out the winner.

Why might the president be lying? Three possible reasons. He might be thinking that the larger objective is less likely to earn the support either of the American people or of allies abroad. (This is a miscalculation. Both the American people and Saddam's neighbors, like the Saudis, are far more likely to support a serious air campaign aimed at toppling Saddam than pin-pricks that will only ensure his reemergence.)

Another possible motive is to provide a convenient exit strategy. Aim low so that if the actual aim—destroying his power base—proves unachievable, Clinton can stop the war, declare victory, and go home.

Most troubling is a third possibility: Clinton may feel that he has to announce modest goals because he simply lacks the moral authority to order the kind of major military action that a Truman or a Bush could order.

This recognition of diminished stature was on startling display during the president's address at the Pentagon last Tuesday. This was no eye-to-eye Oval Office address. (The Oval Office has been the subject of decidedly non-presidential speculation lately.) Aware that both his lack of military experience and his personal scandals impair Clinton's authority to order men and women into battle, the White House orchestrated a most curious, indeed unprecedented, cheerleading session as the lead-in to the president' speech.

IT'S AS IF THE HIGHEST LEVELS OF THE MILITARY-CIVILIAN LEADERSHIP IN THE NATION HAD GATHERED TO TELL US: "YOU MUST LISTEN TO THIS MAN."

It is best described as a pyramidal Pentagon suckup. First, the highest military officer in the land (the chairman of the joint chiefs of staff) introduces, campaign style, his civilian boss, the secretary of defense. (Applause.) He, in turn, goes up to the podium and gives another rah-rah about his underboss, the vice president of the United States, Al Gore. (Applause.) Who in turn thanks everyone in the room, campaign style, down to the secretary of transportation and the deputy secretary of defense—the cleaning crew at the Pentagon was left out—for standing so steadfastly in these times of trial. He then gives us, rousingly as always, the president of the United States. (More applause.)

It's as if the highest levels of the military-civilian leadership in the nation had gathered together to tell us: "You really must listen to this man. He *is*, despite appearances, your commander-in-chief."

A major source of the utter confusion and dismay that the good people of Ohio feel about the coming conflict is doubt about the seriousness of the man and the seriousness of his war aims. Clinton thinks that ginning up the country for a war is no different from ginning it up for what he considers the moral equivalent of war—his specialty, campaigning. Hence the choice of an Oprah-style town meeting. Aw-shucks, lip-biting, ultra-glib, town-hall schmoozing succeeded in 1992 and 1996. Why not turn his top aides loose on the people in similar fashion in 1998 to rally them to war?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ohio State gave him a response: Campaigns, even presidential campaigns, are not really terribly serious business anymore. But war is. Bamboozling the American people when it comes to sacrificing young men and women is a far harder job than bamboozling them into letting you have a four-year lease on the Oval Office and the private hideaway right next door.

Charles Krauthammer is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

THE GOP GOES AWOL

by Fred Barnes

DOES THE REPUBLICAN PARTY really want Tom Bordonaro to win a House seat? The 38-year-old state legislator is the GOP candidate to succeed Democrat Walter Capps, who died last fall, in the coastal California district around Santa Barbara. The race is the most critical in the country between now and mid-term elections in November, its significance going far beyond the prospect of Republicans' gaining one Democratic seat. If Bordonaro wins in this first election since the Clinton sex scandal broke, it would be an enormous psychological breakthrough for Republicans. It would dissipate their fear of Clinton, spur their fund-raising, and improve their chances of gaining House and Senate seats in the fall. Meanwhile, Democrats would be demoralized, less likely to rise to Clinton's defense, and weakened for the November elections.

What's amazing about the race is that Bordonaro, a mediocre campaigner and poor fund-raiser, is running even with Democrat Lois Capps, who's seeking to succeed her husband. What's also amazing is how little the Republican establishment has done to help Bordonaro, a fervent social and economic conservative. True, Bordonaro irritates GOP leaders. After all, House speaker Newt Gingrich and Rep. John Linder, chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, had anointed moderate state assemblyman Brooks Firestone as the candidate to oppose Capps. But Bordonaro, promising not to vote to retain Gingrich as speaker, challenged Firestone in the January primary and won. Just as bad from Gingrich's standpoint, Bordonaro was boosted by $100,000 in TV ads aired by the Campaign for Working Families, the PAC run by one of Gingrich's most outspoken Republican critics, Gary Bauer of the Family Research Council.

Since the primary, Bordonaro has muted his criticism of Gingrich in the interest of Republican unity. "He has not changed his mind," says spokesman Todd Harris, but he no longer repeats his vow to cast a vote against Gingrich. In any case, Bordonaro now has Gingrich's endorsement and also Firestone's. Yet after two trips to Washington to meet with officials at the Republican National Committee and NRCC, he still hasn't gotten the kind of financial backing the national GOP is capable of. Now the two committees claim that they (along with the state party) will steer roughly $700,000 in campaign aid to Bordonaro. Mostly through direct mail, voters in the district will be "touched by our money between 17 and 22 times," NRCC political director Ed Brookover says. But the national GOP is not planning to broadcast independent "advocacy ads" on TV to echo Bordonaro's campaign themes. The excuse is Bordonaro agreed to raise money on his own to buy TV time.

This arrangement isn't working. For most of last week, while Capps ads were on TV, Bordonaro wasn't on the air at all, though 30-second spots are relatively cheap since the district consists of a single media market. And the March 10 election was less than three weeks off. Bordonaro just didn't have the money to pay for ads. Even now, funds are only "trickling in," Harris says, and Bordonaro expects to be outspent 2-to-1 or 3-to-1 by Capps. Worse for Bordonaro, U.S. Term Limits has gone on TV to denounce him for refusing to back a six-year limit for House members. And both the Sierra Club and a pro-abortion group are expected to air television spots backing Capps and zinging Bordonaro. All Bordonaro has is his own skimpy TV buy, plus new ads by Bauer attacking Capps for opposing a strict ban on partial-birth abortions.

Compare all of this with the backing the GOP gave last November to Vito Fossella, who was seeking to replace Susan Molinari in the House seat on Staten Island. Fossella got normal NRCC assistance, plus help in fund-raising. But what blew open a close race and produced a Fossella landslide was a week of RNC-financed ads on New York City television. The ads, which cost about $800,000, eviscerated Fossella's opponent. The Democratic National Committee couldn't match them, and probably wouldn't be able to in Santa Barbara either. Yet the national GOP holds back. Party officials insist the Bordonaro campaign wants it that way. But not the Bordonaro people I've

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talked to. Says campaign manager Jim Kjol of independent ads paid for by the RNC: "That would be great. Absolutely." Asked if Bordonaro would like them, Todd Harris says, "Of course."

The failure to buy TV ads isn't the only way the GOP has undermined Bordonaro. For nearly a month after the primary, national party leaders sat by as Mike Schroeder, the California Republican chairman, refused to assist Bordonaro. This contrasted with the aid the state party had given Republican Tom Campbell in a special House election in San Jose in 1995. Then, five staffers were dispatched to buttress the Republican drive. But there was a difference: Democrats had made the race a referendum on Gingrich. (Campbell won handily.) This time, Schroeder maintained that Bordonaro, by declaring he wouldn't vote to continue Gingrich's speakership, had violated an obscure party rule against renegades who refuse to back their legislative leaders. So he wouldn't deploy staffers or allow mail with absentee-ballot applications to be sent. He relented only after Gingrich and Gov. Pete Wilson intervened, but even then he blocked a mailing that attacked illegal immigration—he demanded the tax issue be used instead. The result of all this? The Bordonaro campaign was left weeks behind in lining up absentee voters. Democrats gloat that 62 percent of the first 25,000 absentee ballots to come in were from Democrats, while only 22 percent came from Republicans.

The truth is, Bordonaro might still win even without full-throttle backing from the national and state parties. Capps looks shaky. She has responded defensively in a new TV ad to the partial-birth-abortion issue. And she's suddenly agreed to a half-dozen debates with Bordonaro. But despite her shortcomings as a candidate, Capps has a first-rate campaign operation guided by Bill Carrick, one of the Democratic party's ablest strategists. In a tight race—and both sides say it will be decided by only a few percentage points—the sheer magnitude of party support, especially on television, could be pivotal. Republicans have the capacity to deliver a lot more help than the Democrats. So far they haven't done it. Maybe the national GOP establishment would prefer to lose the seat rather than see a victorious social conservative and Gingrich foe march triumphantly into Washington.

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

THE LIMITS OF STARR POWER

by Tod Lindberg

INDEPENDENT COUNSEL KENNETH STARR believes that, constitutionally, his office cannot indict the president of the United States. What, then, of the evidence the prosecutor is assembling suggesting that Bill Clinton may have lied under oath, urged others to do the same, rewarded them for doing so, and generally obstructed justice in an effort to limit the collateral damage from Paula Jones's charges of sexual misconduct? The short answer is that Starr will refer any such evidence to the House Judiciary Committee, which would decide whether the information warranted impeachment for "high crimes and misdemeanors." If the House votes to impeach, the Senate then tries the case.

Any such resolution of the case is a long way off, to put it mildly. In the meantime, though, something very important has changed, and that's the role of the independent counsel's office itself. This is the first time that an independent counsel has ever galloped off in hot pursuit of a president. The institution was established after Watergate. And Iran-contra prosecutor Lawrence Walsh never really got close to Reagan or Bush, despite his belief that they were engaged in a criminal conspiracy to obstruct justice. At this point, it's unclear whether Starr's office fully understands how deeply its investigation has advanced into uncharted territory. And it's entirely clear that the GOP Congress has barely a clue of what lies ahead. Republicans on Capitol Hill have been mainly congratulating themselves on the fact that the press has been hammering Clinton brutally, thus enabling Republicans to shut up and look statesmanlike as the scandal unfolds. The main GOP response has been to say, Let the Independent Counsel do his work. House leaders have talked behind the scenes about how to fund a congressional inquiry. But the fact that it really is going to be up to them to bring Starr's work to some sort of conclusion seems not to have sunk in.

In general, the duties of an independent counsel are no different from those of a prosecutor in a U.S. Attorney's office. To be sure, an independent counsel is in the unusual position of having as much time and money as he wants to pursue a particular person or group, subject only to the supervision of his jurisdic-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

.E WALL STREET JOURNAL.

© Dow Jones & Company

Free software to get your finances going in the right direction.

Keeping your personal finances on track is no easy task. That's why The Wall Street Journal developed a helpful new software program called "Getting Going."

With just a few clicks of your mouse, "Getting Going" will show you the best places to invest your savings ... how big a mortgage you can afford ... or where you should invest your child's college fund.

There's also an investment organizer to help you classify your securities and an analyzer to give you an instant overview of your portfolio.

BEST OF ALL, "GETTING GOING" IS FREE WITH YOUR PAID SUBSCRIPTION TO THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

Don't miss this great offer – 13 weeks of The Wall Street Journal for only $49! You get all the business news that has an impact on your career, your family, your life – and the valuable "Getting Going" software to help get your personal finances going in the right direction.

To subscribe, call toll-free 800-582-7700 or mail the coupon today.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.
228 East 45th Street, Suite 1515
NEW YORK, NY 10017

Send me: ❑ 13 weeks for $49. ❑ 26 weeks for $89.
Send my FREE "Getting Going" software for ❑ Windows ❑ Mac.
(For new paid subscribers only.)
❑ Check enclosed ❑ Bill Me.
(payable to The Wall Street Journal).
Charge to: ❑ AmEx ❑ Diners Club ❑ Discover ❑ MC ❑ Visa

Card No.

Signature Expires

Name *(please print)*

Address

City

State Suite/Apt.

Zip

1WKSTD/3UYAW

Limited time offer – good in continental U.S. only.
©1998 Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion by the courts and the possibility of removal for cause by the attorney general. But his investigation is supposed to adhere to standard Justice Department procedures. In other words, he has to collect evidence; build a case; seek an indictment when he has reached the conclusion that he has enough evidence for a jury to convict; and, in the absence of a plea agreement, present his case in court.

Except when he's zeroing in on the president. The Constitution doesn't explicitly state that a sitting president cannot be indicted. But the notion is problematic. After all, the Constitution vests the entire authority of the executive branch in the president; that authority includes law enforcement. Is the president therefore indicting himself? How can he? Why would he? True, the independent-counsel law muddies the unity of executive authority by creating a prosecutor who operates independent of the president and the attorney general, and the Supreme Court, for better or worse, has given its blessing to the arrangement. But Starr takes the mainstream view that this blessing would not extend to indicting, in the name of the people of the United States, the man constitutionally empowered to act in the name of the people and duly elected by them.

Sean Delonas

So here we have a prosecutor who, in relation to the most important subject of his investigation, is engaged in a process severed from its most drastic possible outcome: indictment in the expectation of conviction. Starr is as free as ever to exonerate his subject; it's just that he can't prosecute this one. In effect, that task belongs to the House, starting with its Judiciary Committee.

These days, you tend to hear with some frequency that while the president may have public opinion going for him, the independent counsel, with his grand jury and subpoenas and prosecutors and investigators, has a formidable weapon in the law. Well, sure. But this strange weapon can strike everyone but its ultimate subject. It's time to update the old saw: A prosecutor can indict a ham sandwich if he wants to, but he can't indict Bill Clinton.

Kenneth Starr, in relation to Bill Clinton, is merely an interim fact-finder for Congress. He will draft not an indictment but a report, a referral. If things go that far, he will appear before the House Judiciary Committee not as a prosecutor but as a witness. Instead of being the one asking questions, he will be questioned on a whole range of subjects. Democrats may or may not ask him about the president's sex life—but they surely will want to know about his methods, motives, his corporate clients, and his known right-wing associates. House Republicans, who lately have made something of a fetish of being conflict-averse, will find themselves cast in the role of inquisitors. Sexual inquisitors to boot. Torquemadas they ain't. These will be interesting hearings.

Starr retains his prosecutorial power over everyone around the president, from Monica Lewinsky and her mom to Vernon Jordan, Bruce Lindsey, and the first lady. But at the center of this prosecutorial maelstrom is a void, a place Starr can't go and only Congress can. And that means that to the extent his activity is premised on getting to Clinton by traditional prosecutorial means, it is misplaced.

The Monica Lewinsky story has been a Washington obsession and, yes, a national obsession since it exploded more than a month ago. The press won't let go of it, the vast majority of the pundit class has committed itself to its importance, and people seem to be enjoying every new salacious detail. It has raised huge questions about the character and judgment of the man in the Oval Office.

But the road to accountability, in this instance, is not a matter of the independent counsel's preparing a case he can prove beyond a reasonable doubt. It's a matter of gathering the facts as quickly as he can and getting them into the hands of those who will ulti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mately do the enforcing here—Congress, ready or not, and the people. To that end, it's far more important to hear Monica Lewinsky's account of her relations with the president than it is to put her in the dock and try her ostensibly for perjury but actually on the suspicion that she is not telling the whole story. It would have been better still to have had that account two weeks ago. It will be a disaster if, months from now, we still don't have it.

Give the Clinton White House credit for cutting to the chase. At the end, and at the highest level, this process isn't legal but political. That's not because Starr is a partisan, nor is it because the White House has politicized the process by going after Starr as a partisan. It's the nature of the beast. It's because the political world, not a courtroom, is the constitutionally sanctioned arena where presidents are held accountable. The president understands this. About the prosecutor and the Congress, who can say?

Tod Lindberg is editorial page editor of the **Washington Times.**

TAILGUNNER TORRICELLI

by Jay Nordlinger

NOW IS THE HOUR OF BILL CLINTON'S greatest political need, and one senator has rushed to his side: Bob Torricelli of New Jersey. Torricelli has made the defense of Clinton his special cause. Other Democrats warily hang back, but Torricelli charges ahead, vouching for the president on television, bloodying Kenneth Starr, and joining Hillary Clinton in her battle against a "vast, right-wing conspiracy." In Torricelli, Clinton has found his Earl Landgrebe. Does the name ring a bell? Landgrebe was the Indiana congressman who vowed to stay with Richard Nixon till the bitter end. Shortly before Nixon's resignation, Landgrebe said, "Don't confuse me with the facts. My mind is made up. I'm going to stick with my president even if he and I have to be taken out of this building and shot." Torricelli is too self-preserving to go that far, but he has already gone far enough.

It was on a Wednesday that Hurricane Monica first blew through the nation's front pages. That Saturday night, Clinton gathered a handful of intimates around him at the White House—including Torricelli. The group mulled over the president's situation and watched *The Apostle*, a movie about a largehearted, slick-talking, approval-craving southerner whose chronic adultery leads to a fall from grace. Torricelli was quickly mobilized, declaring to reporters, "He told me it did not happen." When CNN's Wolf Blitzer asked him whether he believed the president's denials, Torricelli answered—as though recognizing the unusualness of his position—"I do, actually."

But Torricelli's moment of true glory came on February 8, when he appeared on ABC's *This Week*. There, he pulled out all the stops: Kenneth Starr was "operating outside of any sense of reasonable behavior" and "acting irresponsibly, illegally"; Clinton could not be expected to speak to the public, because "it would be shadow boxing." Moreover, Torricelli would accept no tut-tutting about Hillary Clinton's theory of a conspiracy. That idea, he volunteered, "is beginning to have some meat on its bones." Torricelli cited an article in the *New York Observer* by Joe Conason, one of the media's foremost Clinton loyalists. The piece examined the activities of Pittsburgh billionaire Richard Mellon Scaife, an impassioned foe of the president. Scaife once funded an adjunct of the *American Spectator* magazine called the "Arkansas Project," which labored to uncover wrongdoing by the Clintons. The project's director, Stephen Boynton, became acquainted with David Hale, the former state judge who was convicted of a felony in the Whitewater affair and who proved a valuable witness for Starr.

But Torricelli went far beyond the content of Conason's story. The *Observer*, he falsely claimed, had revealed that the *Spectator*, and thus Scaife, "may have influenced or changed testimony, which indeed Mr. Starr may have known about." The senator asserted that "Mr. Hale received money, which comes very close to witness tampering," and that "Mr. Hale and one of these troopers . . . may have changed their testimony"—which would constitute a "serious federal crime." Torricelli went on to allege that Starr, prior to becoming independent counsel, "was preparing a brief in the Paula Jones case, for which he may have been compensated by Mr. Scaife." And if that was true, Starr's "chances of remaining as independent counsel, and the Justice Department not taking back the case, I think are shrinking."

Torricelli offered not a wisp of evidence for his allegations. And he was only warming up. On February 11, he sent a lengthy letter to Attorney General Janet Reno that, in essence, asked for Starr's head. The letter was a catalogue of every complaint that has ever been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lodged against the independent counsel and every talking point the White House has ever produced.

First, Torricelli chastised Starr for retaining his private law practice—though every other lawyer who has agreed to serve as an independent counsel has also done so, with the exception of Iran-contra prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, who had all but retired from his practice anyway. Then, Torricelli recycled Conason's tidbits on Scaife and the *Spectator*, along with his own amplification of them: "Mr. Starr's apparent failure to inquire into [the magazine's relations with Hale] makes his investigation a 'patsy' for the Arkansas Project, if not actually complicit in its goal to undermine the President." Torricelli also described Scaife as "Mr. Starr's benefactor," seeing that Scaife "has underwritten the faculty position that waits for Mr. Starr at Pepperdine University upon the expiration of his tenure" as independent counsel.

This much-repeated claim, however, is untrue. A year ago, Starr was offered the deanships of Pepperdine's law school and (brand-new) school of public policy. He accepted them and then, following widespread criticism, changed his mind, promising to leave Washington for Malibu only when his job as Whitewater prosecutor was finished. According to a university spokesman, one of Scaife's foundations contributed start-up funds for the public-policy school and also endowed a professorship there. But Starr's two deanships will be compensated directly by the university, not by anything having to do with Scaife, and Scaife himself had no say whatever in the selection of personnel. What's more, Scaife has hardly been friendly to Starr—he and his allies have long condemned the independent counsel as timid in his pursuit of Clinton, and they are particularly appalled that Starr has judged Vincent Foster a suicide.

TORRICELLI'S TORCH-BEARING FOR CLINTON HAS SO FAR DONE HIM LITTLE HARM, AND HE DOES NOT FACE REELECTION UNTIL 2002.

In his appeal to Reno, Torricelli breathed very heavily about cooperation between Starr's office and Paula Jones's lawyers. Linda Tripp "briefed the Jones legal team" on her FBI-taped conversation with Monica Lewinsky, and this, Torricelli asserted, drew Starr "one step closer to the Jones civil litigation effort." Any coordination between the Starr and Jones camps, he continued, would cast "serious doubt on the propriety of any investigation into the President's alleged statements regarding Ms. Lewinsky during his civil deposition." No doubt, "a primary purpose of the deposition questions regarding Ms. Lewinsky was to trick the President," raising "the specter that an unlawful 'trap' may have been laid against the President." All of this, of course, is feverish speculation. The White House's fondest dream, according to a source familiar with the Starr investigation, is to discover that Starr directed Tripp's taping of Lewinsky from the beginning. But it remains only a dream.

Perhaps the two most curious paragraphs in the Torricelli letter concerned the Lynde and Harry Bradley Foundation, a Milwaukee institution that Torricelli imagines "has been active in efforts to discredit the President in matters directly affecting the investigation." Here, Torricelli flailed wildly—almost every word of the two paragraphs was false.

Torricelli charged that Starr "represented" the foundation "in an effort to uphold Wisconsin's experimental school-choice program" and that Starr's "position in that case was in direct opposition to the Administration." Worse, Bradley had written checks to the *American Spectator*, as well as to other conservative outfits. Because Starr's role in the school-choice case was "based in significant part on his long-standing ideological beliefs," Torricelli said, Starr "cannot possibly operate as an impartial investigator," particularly when "his private client is funding efforts devoted to publicizing Mr. Starr's investigation and related matters in an attempt to discredit the President and his political agenda."

Michael Joyce, the Bradley Foundation's president, hardly knew what to make of this bizarre attack, except to consider it an attempt to put flesh on Mrs. Clinton's conspiracy. Bradley is not exactly a radical-Right machine, bent on destroying the Clintons. It is a conservative foundation that dispenses approximately $30 million a year, including to the Progressive Policy Institute, the think tank of the Democratic Leadership Council, which is closely identified with Bill Clinton and the "New Democrats." Bradley indeed has contributed to the *American Spectator*, but also to such publications as the *Journal of Democracy*, *TransState Islam*, and the *Chinese Intellectual*. And though Bradley is keenly interested in the success of school choice, Starr represented, not the foundation, but the State of Wisconsin, which was defending its plan in court.

In a stinging letter to Torricelli, Joyce explained that Bradley had actually *turned down* "a series of grant requests that . . . could conceivably be identified as 'efforts to discredit the president in matters directly affecting the investigation.'" A disgusted Joyce says that Torricelli reminds him of a Wisconsin senator of several decades back, one who also made reckless allegations and trafficked in guilt by association. It seems

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that, any day now, Torricelli, like Tailgunner Joe McCarthy, will start to intone, "I hold in my hand a photostatic copy . . ."

So, Bob Torricelli, however crudely, has presented himself as one of Bill Clinton's most zealous defenders. What has lit his fire? A number of explanations suggest themselves. Torricelli does not face reelection until 2002, by which time Lewinskygate may be a mere memory. Also, he is a die-hard, Republican-despising Democrat who relishes a fight. He stood by disgraced House speaker Jim Wright long after it had become comfortable to do so, and he carried Clinton's water while a minority member of Fred Thompson's campaign-finance committee. His torch-bearing for Clinton does little apparent harm to his career: He has gotten himself on television where others in his party have feared to tread. And he has doubtless endeared himself to Clinton, finding his way into the president's inner circle and standing to benefit should the current crisis pass.

Then, too, there is the matter of Torricelli's vindictiveness: When someone crosses him, the senator retaliates. Two months ago, the *American Spectator* criticized Torricelli for his ties to the People's Mujahedin Organization of Iran, which the State Department has labeled a terrorist group. Torricelli did not respond personally to the magazine—his lawyer did, in a lengthy, bullying letter that cried defamation. Torricelli is not averse to payback, and his foray into the Lewinsky scandal gives him an opportunity to war against a magazine that has embarrassed him.

Torricelli and his staff declined to answer questions for this story. But one thing seems clear: He is getting a kick out of his role as presidential champion and attack dog. Torricelli is a lifelong politician who thrills to the game, and he will not readily back off—even as he hurtles toward Earl Landgrebe territory.

Jay Nordlinger is associate editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S LAWYERS

by Matthew Rees

WHEN A WHITE HOUSE STEWARD WAS reported to have told a grand jury that he had seen Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky together in a compromising position, the Clinton administration's vaunted rapid-response team kicked into action. Only this time, it had a new member: Joseph Small, the steward's attorney. When word of the testimony leaked, Small quickly consulted with the president's lawyers. Within 90 minutes, he had issued a statement calling the report "absolutely false and irresponsible." The statement wasn't released by Small's law firm, but by the White House, which had been telling reporters that a denial from Small was on the way.

This episode neatly illustrates the White House's legal-defense strategy, which goes something like this: The moment someone is subpoenaed by Kenneth Starr to give Lewinsky-related testimony, an attorney will be procured who belongs to Washington's white-collar criminal-defense fraternity and who can be trusted to act as a Clinton ally. The attorney will then sign on to what is known as a joint-defense agreement, enabling him to share information about his client with other defense attorneys. Finally, when any information surfaces that could be the least damaging to the president, the attorney will work with other Clinton allies inside and outside the White House to fashion a rapid response, all the while condemning Kenneth Starr and the media for being "recklessly irresponsible."

White House officials insist they've had to resort to such tactics because of Starr's prosecutorial zeal, and to guarantee that the defendants—many of whom are low- or mid-level White House aides—get a fair shake. But there's really only one reason for what they're doing: They think it will benefit Bill Clinton.

If one doubts that the fix is in to protect Clinton, one need only consider the attorneys representing figures who have been ensnared in the Lewinsky drama. They are a group disinclined to allow any harm to come Clinton's way, even at the expense of a client's interests.

Take Lawrence Wechsler, who represents Clinton's personal secretary, Betty Currie. He came on the recommendation of Clinton attorney Robert Bennett, who had a word with Charles Ruff, the White House counsel. After being hired, Wechsler quickly confirmed his pro-Clinton colors. When the *New York Times* reported that Currie had met with the president to review his testimony in the Paula Jones case, Wechsler, under pressure from Clinton's legal team, dutifully issued a statement: Any suggestion Clinton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had tried to influence Currie's recollection was "absolutely false and a mischaracterization of the facts."

Bayani Nelvis, the above-mentioned White House steward, was strongly urged by the White House counsel's office to hire Joseph Small, another Bennett acquaintance. As an employee of the defense department, Nelvis was entitled to a Pentagon lawyer—but it's doubtful a government lawyer would be as vigilant as Small in defending Bill Clinton.

Ashley Raines, the White House aide in whom Lewinsky allegedly confided about a romantic relationship with the president, is in the hands of Wendy White, who now works for the firm of Shea & Gardner. Her last job? Associate counsel in the Clinton White House.

These three attorneys are all part of the joint-defense agreement that allows them to share information with one another, and with Clinton's personal lawyer, David Kendall. But even attorneys who are not believed to be parties to the agreement have been demonstrably supportive of the president.

Michael Leibig represents Lewis Fox, the former Secret Service agent who has alleged Clinton and Lewinsky spent 40 minutes alone in the Oval Office in the fall of 1995. Yet since Fox made that statement in a television interview, Leibig has backed away from it. One reason may be Leibig's work on behalf of the Secret Service's uniformed officers' association, which has him involved in an effort to unionize the officers. Doing so would require the support of the Clinton administration. So Leibig has a strong incentive not to antagonize administration officials.

Another administration ace in the hole has been the omnipresent William Ginsburg, Lewinsky's attorney. After initially wavering between criticism and support of Starr, Ginsburg is now firmly rooted in the Clinton camp. (Prosecutors suspect he's reached some kind of agreement with the Clinton side.) He stifled Starr's effort to get Lewinsky's testimony in exchange for a grant of immunity, denied that Vernon Jordan's employment search had anything to do with Lewinsky's being subpoenaed to testify in the Paula Jones case, and acknowledged in an interview with an Israeli newspaper that he liked Clinton's policy toward Israel and didn't want to see him forced to resign. "Who knows who will come after Clinton," said Ginsburg, "and what his attitude to Israel will be?"

AT WHAT POINT ARE THE INTERESTS OF THESE DEFENSE ATTORNEYS' CLIENTS SUBORDINATED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE PRESIDENT?

All of which begs a simple question: At what point are the interests of these attorneys' clients subordinated to the interests of the president? Indeed, if one of the defendants has incriminating information about Clinton, is it realistic to expect that an attorney of this group would make that information available to the prosecution?

The joint-defense agreement complicates the release of any such information, as a defendant's attorney would be obligated to inform the other attorneys in the agreement and would then come under enormous pressure to keep mum. In the clubby world of white-collar defense lawyers—where referrals are often the best source of business—an attorney's incentive to stay on good terms with his peers can be enormous. Under a joint-defense agreement, defense attorneys are permitted to share information with one another and discuss their clients' testimony, while at the same time preserving the attorney-client privilege.

This sharing of information, known as "debriefings," frequently occurs following a defendant's grand-jury appearance. According to the *Washington Post*, shortly after George Stephanopoulos testified before the grand jury, his attorney, Stanley Brand, called the president's personal lawyer, Kendall, to describe the questions asked of Stephanopoulos and the answers the former aide provided. Such debriefings are important because they can help defense attorneys craft the testimony of their clients. And in this case, the biggest beneficiary is, of course, Clinton.

So what's Starr to do? The defendants' united front obviously complicates his quest to determine the nature of the Clinton/Lewinsky relationship. Piercing this unity will be no small achievement, but it is not unheard of for prosecutors to challenge the legitimacy of joint-defense agreements if they feel those agreements are causing information to be withheld, or that the interests of those persons party to the agreement don't coincide. These concerns were raised in 1992 by federal prosecutors investigating the BCCI scandal, prompting them to subpoena five BCCI-affiliated lawyers engaged in a joint-defense agreement (one of whom was Bob Bennett). Starr would undoubtedly prefer not to go this route. But when dealing with witnesses whose attorneys are all in the Clinton orbit, it may be the only option he's got.

Matthew Rees is a staff writer for THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Leak in Review

by David Tell

The Washington opinionocracy has developed pretty good antennae about the sincerity of Lewinsky-related public statements by various presidential henchmen. Clinton attorney David Kendall and his allies are now loudly bemoaning news leaks by Kenneth Starr's team of prosecutors. The complaint is couched in concern for the reputation of innocents and the integrity of the grand-jury system. But nobody's buying that. Kendall's February 6 protest letter to Starr strikes the Washington observer class as more hyperbolic spin than earnest law: The independent counsel's "deluge" of leaks, according to Kendall, is "intolerable," "appalling," "cynical," "unfair," "prejudicial"—illegal, even. Most people in the press assume, and many newspapers have explained, that little motivates the latest anti-Starr assault beyond the Clinton camp's desperation for a talking point: something to use in a situation where honesty would simply be too . . . embarrassing.

But if Washington journalism has seen clear through the *purpose* of this deliberately plotted controversy about leaks, it is still having trouble with the underlying *truth* of it all. Most newspeople believe the leak charge is cynical. But they're also inclined to believe it is at least half-true.

It is widely assumed in Washington that Ken Starr's troops have indeed leaked information about the Lewinsky investigation—some of which, by law, is supposed to be held confidential. In fact, it is widely assumed in Washington that virtually every big Lewinsky revelation is, more than likely, a plant by the independent counsel. It was a February 6 *New York Times* account of Clinton secretary Betty Currie's grand-jury testimony that ostensibly triggered Kendall's public outrage. Before most people had even read the story, on the previous evening's *Nightline*, the doyenne of Washington legal analysts, Nina Totenberg, characterized it as "fairly clearly a leak from the prosecutor's office."

Where this idea comes from is a genuinely interesting question. Especially since David Kendall, who has tried harder than anyone to advance it, has—I'm choosing my words carefully here—absolutely no evidence whatsoever that Kenneth Starr or anyone working for him has ever improperly "leaked" anything. Kendall's 15-page, single-spaced letter to Starr purports to itemize 53 such leaks dating back to January 22. Cross-checked against all the original news stories from which this list is derived, it is a document of truly astonishing crudity.

First off, there actually aren't anywhere near 53 "leaks" in Kendall's list. There are 53 *quotes*. But more than a third of them—19 to be precise—are from the same eight news reports. And five of them are from just a single *Washington Post* story published January 24. Kendall simply logs every sentence that offends him one by one, spaces them out over the course of his letter, and hopes that small print will disguise the trick.

Furthermore, some of Kendall's adduced "leaks" aren't leaks at all. For example, he ominously underlines the sourcing in a January 29 *Washington Times* update on the Lewinsky investigation: "lawyers and others close to the probe." But the disclosure in question? That the independent counsel is seeking information about "an attempt to obstruct justice and conspire to suborn perjury." Someone may as well have "leaked" that the sky is blue.

Rule 6(e) of U.S. law governing criminal procedure imposes a strict secrecy requirement on "matters occurring before the grand jury." Several criminal attorneys I talked to last week acknowledged that the breadth of this requirement, as established in case law, remains ambiguous. It may apply not just to actual grand-jury testimony but to testimony and documentary evidence likely to be generated in the future by a filed subpoena. But every attorney I spoke with, once apprised of the details, agreed that the vast majority of 6(e) violations Kendall charges to Starr's office are fictitious. Nearly three-fourths of the "leaks" involve matters that fall outside even the broadest possible construction of Rule 6(e): the status of immunity negotiations with Monica Lewinsky, who had not yet been called to testify; the contents of Linda Tripp's tape recordings, which were surrendered *voluntarily* to the independent counsel (and obtained and excerpted separately by *Newsweek*); and general speculation about the strategy and progress of the investigation.

There are non-binding guidelines—bar-association policies and whatnot—that would restrict attorneys from discussing such things in public. But federal prosecutors traditionally and vigorously resist such restrictions. Clinton deputy attorney general Eric Holder, for instance. In a 1995 textbook on white-collar crime, Holder, then with the U.S. Attorneys Office, co-authored a chapter on "dealing with the media" in high-profile cases. He was for it. There are "legitimate law enforcement reasons" for prosecutors to help journalists report about ongoing investigations, Holder wrote, reasons that are "too often

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ignored." For one thing, "the 'client' of a prosecutor is the public, and members of the public have a right to know what their government is doing, and how their tax dollars are being spent." It makes "little sense," Holder concluded, "to pretend that there is no criminal investigation going on when that fact is already widely known."

Whether or not such "leaks" are appropriate, Kendall attributes all of them in the Lewinsky controversy to Ken Starr. And this, too, he does speciously. Several of the "leaks" are totally unsourced—either in Kendall's quoted version or the full original story. Most are sourced ambiguously. And some of them are quite clearly, in context, *not* from the independent counsel's office.

A *Washington Post* story on Starr's immunity negotiations with Lewinsky attorney William Ginsburg exhaustively quotes Ginsburg, on the record, in passages that Kendall omits from his letter. But because a single sentence in that story cites "sources in Starr's office" on an unrelated, innocuous matter, Kendall blames the independent counsel for the whole thing. A *New York Times* story on the Tripp tapes includes the following sentence: "There was no comment from Mr. Starr or his top aides." Kendall doesn't quote that sentence, and again attributes the "leak" to Starr. The second half of a *Washington Times* quote from "one lawyer familiar with the ongoing grand-jury investigation" makes obvious that the man has no connection to Starr's office. Kendall leaves those words out of his citation with a set of ellipses, and once more accuses the independent counsel of an improper disclosure. And so on.

Kendall deals most extensively with an NBC story by reporter Claire Shipman, who does seem, on the face of it, to have had conversations with Ken Starr's investigators. But this "leak"—also about immunity negotiations with William Ginsburg—isn't a violation of 6(e). The February 6 *New York Times* story about Betty Currie had multiple sources (though Kendall deals only with the part reportedly revealed to "investigators" by "lawyers familiar with her account") and would soon be confirmed by the *Washington Post* with "sources close to the president." Kendall doesn't mention that. Nor does he mention that the *Times* story itself acknowledges that what Betty Currie actually told the grand jury "remains a secret."

In fact, the closest thing in Kendall's letter to a real, improper disclosure by Kenneth Starr is a *New York Post* gossip-column item, attributed to "sources in Starr's office," about a subpoena to Revlon corporation chairman Ron Perelman. That item was false; there is no such subpoena. And the item describes independent-counsel investigators as "bumbling outsiders," so it stands to reason that Starr's people wouldn't have been the source in any case. Fifty-three at-bats, and David Kendall can't even draw a walk.

Why, then, does so much of Washington assume that the Lewinsky investigation is leaking like a sieve? A clever person might speculate that journalists know who their sources are, whether or not they clearly identify them in print, and they know Starr is a source here because . . . well, they just know it. But the world doesn't work that way. For every reporter actually working on the Lewinsky story, there are 50 other reporters commenting on the leaks. And working reporters rather jealously guard the identities of their sources, even inside their own newsrooms. There are only a couple dozen of these genuinely in-the-know reporters. No surprise, none of them has ever fingered Starr for a leak.

Then there is the "simple logic" theory. Most of the Lewinsky news reports are damaging to Clinton. So they must come from the other side of the controversy's divide—from Starr. The world doesn't work this way, either. Human beings can't help talking about intrinsically fascinating secrets, no matter where or for whom they work. And the number of people knowledgeable about All Things Monica is already quite large. Most of the possible defendants' and witnesses' lawyers are sharing information with one another. Several of those defendants and witnesses have given public statements about their testimony. By now, most of the relevant evidence is known equally to the independent counsel and the Clinton camp, and neither adversary is necessarily more likely than the other to let something slip. Which is almost certainly why *Newsweek* was able to source a recent Lewinsky story—which the White House has blamed on Starr—to "lawyers close to the president's defense": because that's who told them.

Most Washington opinion people have only the dimmest notion of what a criminal prosecution looks like on the inside, of course, or how complicated the motivations of everyone involved inevitably become. Most Washington opinion people, for that matter, can't be bothered to read the Kendall letter and figure out how worthless it is as a guide to the facts. So they're tempted to split the difference. This is a dispute between two sets of respectable, smart, wealthy lawyers. David Kendall says the independent counsel's office is leaking. The independent counsel's office says it is not. You start from the assumption that the truth lies somewhere in the middle. So Ken Starr is often the leaker. Right?

No, wrong. Not even close.

David Tell is opinion editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

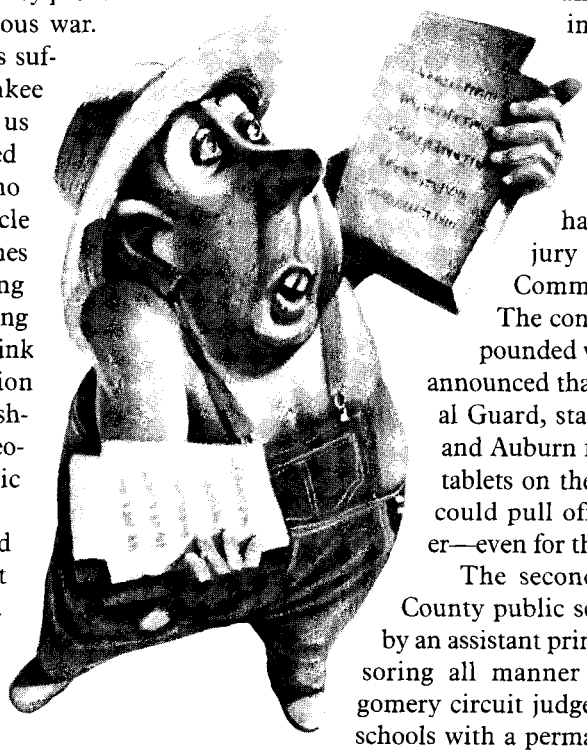
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

God and Man in Alabama

By Matt Labash

Of all the skirmishes that refuse to be settled by consensus or judicial fiat, religious expression in the public square remains one of the most stubbornly unresolved. Be it school prayer or firehouse nativity scenes or religious exercises in public buildings, court dockets across the country are larded up with these battles in a larger cultural war of attrition. And in no place is the tension more palpable, the stakes higher, or a population more rebellious than in the state of Alabama.

The cradle of the Confederacy provides a fitting ground zero in a religious war. For generations, Alabama has suffered the obloquies of Yankee halfwits who would have us believe that the state is littered with inbred illiterates who spend their days under muscle cars on blocks in front of homes with trailer hitches, emerging only to scratch their low-sloping foreheads, hock chaw, and think backwards. Such defamation tends to breed a scrappy mulishness, making Alabamians a people unabashed about public expressions of faith.



Traverse the state, and these expressions manifest themselves everywhere. You see it in the billboard admonition outside Montgomery that whispers, "Go to church or the devil will get you." And in the marble and mahogany lobby of Birmingham's Tutwiler Hotel, which features glass-encased church-service schedules. At Ollie's Barbecue, salvation tracts and Bibles are secured as easily as Ollie's vinegar-based, Carolina-style sauce. Even overpass graffiti artists implore commuters to trust in Jesus.

Matt Labash is a staff writer for THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Alabama, however, is not just a Christian state. It is a fighting state. Defiance is in its citizenry's genes the way baldness or polydactyly encodes our weaker stock. The state motto is "We dare defend our rights"—a disposition that has led to fighting over civil rights and states' rights and, when the University of Alabama plays Auburn, bragging rights.

It comes as no surprise then that two of the most heated religion cases since the Supreme Court removed prayer from public schools in 1962 have unfolded in Alabama. The first involves the battle between county-circuit judge Roy Moore and the American Civil Liberties Union (resolved for the time being in Moore's favor). The judge has stirred ire by conducting jury prayer and posting the Ten Commandments in his courtroom. The conflict's natural drama was compounded when the governor, Fob James, announced that he would deploy the National Guard, state troopers, and the Alabama and Auburn football teams to keep Moore's tablets on the wall. (Locals doubt that Fob could pull off the Auburn/Alabama merger—even for this worthy cause.)

The second case concerns the DeKalb County public schools, which have been sued by an assistant principal for permitting and sponsoring all manner of religious activity. Montgomery circuit judge Ira DeMent has slapped the schools with a permanent injunction, banning the activity as unconstitutional. To enforce compliance, which has not come readily, DeMent has mandated in-service training for teachers (called "re-education" by DeKalbians) and ordered a court monitor (dubbed the "prayer police") to enter the schools.

With all sides firmly entrenched and short odds that both issues will require resolution by the Supreme Court, impassioned natives and meddling outsiders have turned the state into a battleground of secularists

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vs. pietists, evolutionary constitutionalists vs. originalists, brother vs. brother. Onlookers include evangelicals, atheists, scholars, Congress, and enough out-of-town reporters to cause a run on hotel mini-bars. Wearing black trunks in both cases is the ACLU, which has poked its nose into nearly every state/religion case since the Scopes monkey trial. Donning crimson trunks is Gov. James, a Christian fundamentalist who has mocked evolution by stooping like an ape at press conferences so reporters could ponder their ancestry.

THE PRAYER ACKNOWLEDGES "THE CREATOR AND SUPREME JUDGE OF THE WORLD"—MORE SUPREME, EVEN, THAN THE REHNQUIST COURT.

Such behavior is not atypical of the former barbell manufacturer who possesses the country-fried affability and populist obstinance that New Southerners curse and feature writers pray for. Fob regularly boasts that, in the religion cases, he has retained the counsel of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. He became the first governor ever to secede from the National Governors' Association—on account of its general uselessness. And when his wife was criticized for flying to evangelical crusades on the state jet, Fob tweaked his critics by having "First Lady" painted on the plane's hull. (But more on Fob later.)

Apart from such picaresque accents, the Alabama struggle is shaping up as a fight of—forgive me—Biblical proportions. Specifically, 1st Kings 18. In this chapter, the prophet Elijah challenges King Ahab to round up his 450 prophets of Baal and meet him on Mt. Carmel. There, they prepare two altars to their respective gods, slap two bulls on the altars, and wait for whoever's god means business to fire up the grill. Elijah wins. But the point here is to substitute Fob for Elijah, with God staying in as Himself. The ACLU is Ahab, and the 450 false prophets are the federal judiciary. Baal would be Supreme Court precedent—the god of the federal judiciary. Here, Fob has his hands a bit fuller than Elijah. Because after the last six decades of constitutional puzzling over state-sponsored religion, the Court has not blessed the God of Fob and Elijah over the ACLU's god of separation of church and state.

But in a state where 96 percent of the population identify themselves as Christians, DeKalb County has never taken care to feign much separation. There are seminaries less homogenous than large pockets of Alabama. And in DeKalb, nestled in the scenic red-mapled, sweet-gummed Appalachian foothills near the Georgia border, religious expression is as natural as exhaling.

A good bar bet around here is to see if you can kick a Holstein patty off your boot heel without hitting a church. Or it would be, if there were any bars—which are outnumbered by churches 172-0. This isn't so impressive, considering DeKalb is a dry county. What *is* impressive is that churches outnumber RV dealerships, propane retailers, and everything else except sock mills (DeKalb is the "Sock Capital of the World," and if you are wearing socks now, or hosiery in general, there's a one in eight chance they came from DeKalb).

In spite of the court's 1962 *Engel* v. *Vitale* decision, DeKalb schools have for years conducted prayer before class, ball games, and graduation, and have let Gideons distribute Bibles in class. The Alabama legislature offered tacit sanction of such activity. It passed a school-prayer law in 1993 that not only ensured the right of students to pray at all school functions, but allowed teachers to lead a voluntary state-drafted prayer acknowledging "the Creator and Supreme Judge of the World"—more supreme, even, than the Rehnquist court.

Nobody seemed to mind, except for Michael Chandler, an assistant principal at Valley Head School. For nearly 10 years, he documented and complained about religious activity in school. In 1996, with the help of the ACLU, he filed suit against the school system and the governor, charging an unconstitutional establishment of religion.

Last March, Judge DeMent concurred and struck down Alabama's prayer law. (The Alabama legislature is already at work on a new one.) Fob James agreed with DeMent's decision—but for reasons of his own. He called the school-prayer law "beggarly and anemic," a curtailment of First Amendment liberties that dictated to students and teachers how and what to pray.

The real friction came in the intervening months in a tangle of conference calls and threats and cessation agreements. In October, when DeMent determined the schools weren't complying with his order, he slapped them with an injunction. DeMent, it should be noted, is no one's fire-snorting liberal. He's a Republican, appointed by Bush in 1992, was a major general in the Air Force Reserves, and is a devout Methodist. Former law partners say DeMent keeps a Bible in his chambers that contains more dog ears and post-it notes than most of his legal briefs.

Since the injunction, DeKalb's prayer warriors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have staged a mini-rebellion. The civic center in Rainsville, usually the tabernacle of tractor and engine shows, has been the site of thunderous rallies that have even attracted the governor. Students have conducted walk-outs and pray-ins, and bitter football rivals have broken out of pep-line formations to bow their heads at midfield while giving Ira DeMent an intercessory finger.

People are hoppin' mad, like Gary Carlyle, the principal of Sylvania High School—who knows that, as far as targets go, DeKalb is a slow, hanging cantaloupe, just waiting to be pegged by the ACLU. We sit in his wood-paneled office, which features a mounted ram's head trimmed with a baseball cap on each horn.

Carlyle has a cinder-block torso and a salt-and-pepper goatee, and like most southerners, he has an affinity for the patron saints of lost causes. A pewter bust of Robert E. Lee sits on his desk, and behind him is a framed picture of Jefferson Davis. Facing Jeff on the opposite wall is a photograph of Louis Crews, a black man. In the mid-'70s, Carlyle played football at the historically-black Alabama A&M, where he eventually became team captain. (Almost every Alabamian I speak with has played football on the college level, or committed an equally valorous physical feat.) Crews was his coach, and a man "I'd be proud to call my daddy," Carlyle clarifies—lest an observer get the impression he's still smarting from the War of Northern Aggression.

Carlyle discounts himself as "just a redneck from Sand Mountain." But like most Alabamians I visit, his office is flush with history and law books, and he can give you semi-learned disquisitions on the two-pronged argument of most of the rebels: (a) The First Amendment prohibition on congressional establishment of religion is as it reads—a prohibition on *Congress*, intended to protect the states against a national church like the no-account Anglicans were running back home. (The states themselves maintained established religions for decades after the amendment's ratification.) And (b): Even if you don't buy (a), as the federal judiciary hasn't since the 1940s, God's law supersedes man's—so come and get us.

It is the view of many DeKalbians that they are now being gotten. Fob James has called the court-ordered monitor "the secret police," and Carlyle likens it to "the Gestapo—I don't know if they'll be carrying guns or not." They won't be. The position will largely involve fielding phone complaints and administering a quarterly check-up on schools to make sure they comply with the judge's order until the appeal is heard by the Eleventh Circuit. DeKalbians have also somewhat overstated the injunction's restrictions. Students may still conduct voluntary prayer and Bible reading, express religious beliefs in assignments, and assemble in religious clubs, as long as secular counterparts can do the same in their own clubs. But school officials who participate could be found in contempt, and may be praying from the pen.

The injunction's impetus was largely Michael Chandler. And the burden shows on his face when we meet at Shoney's in the county seat. He hunches over a back booth while sipping sweet tea and speaking in hushed tones, as if the surrounding geriatrics might recess from their patty melts, jump the formica, and give him a pasting. "You can't be too careful," he says.

He records his calls now, and he quit driving his Corvette to work so it wouldn't get keyed. He reports no violence or threats of violence, but I'd heard an ugly rumor that his 14-year-old son had his head baptized in a commode by unhappy classmates. "That happened," Chandler shrugs, "but it was unrelated—just kids being kids."

Chandler's stance, to his thinking, is every bit as principled as Gary Carlyle's. He believes—and the law backs him—that schoolchildren are in a compulsory setting and therefore should not be subjected to anything that smacks of state-sponsored religion. Because of his stand, he has naturally been called an atheist. But the lapsed Baptist is now a semi-regular Unitarian: "They're non-judgmental, open, and believe in separation of church and state."

What Chandler cannot abide is his son's being harassed in school as a result of his lawsuit. And he alleges that, for months, whenever Jesse entered the cafeteria, 180 or so classmates stood over their trays and recited the Lord's Prayer.

BITTER FOOTBALL RIVALS HAVE BOWED THEIR HEADS AT MIDFIELD AND GIVEN JUDGE DEMENT AN INTERCESSORY FINGER.

The state is choosing not to contest the actual complaint allegations, figuring they're generally true. So attorney general Bill Pryor is taking the tack that the injunction is "vague and overbroad" in declaring, for instance, that students cannot lead graduation prayer, which the Supreme Court has sent mixed signals about. But many DeKalbians do contest the actual facts. Danny Ashley, the principal at Fyffe, where Chandler's son attends, says lunch prayer wasn't directed at Jesse—kids would pray even when Jesse wasn't present, as had an earlier lunch period. Chand-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ler also besmirched the name of Annette Waldrop, the 4-H Club lady who visits all county schools making sure students know that milk "doesn't just come from the Winn-Dixie." Waldrop used to hold a one-minute devotional during a 45-minute class period and in 21 years never had a single complaint. Until Chandler's Now she has a generic "thought of the day" that's "inspirational, not religious" (kind of like a Unitarian service).

But the most calumnious of Chandler's allegations involves the Gideons, who formerly were permitted in classrooms once a year to distribute Bibles. Chandler banished them to the curb at his school, but that didn't stop the Gideons, who Chandler says started winging Bibles into the school bus windows, busting a child's lip. "That makes me so mad," says Gary Carlyle. "Have you ever seen the Gideons? Most of them are too old to throw anything."

But not Gideon Gary Holcombe, who's a robust 53 and calls Chandler's allegation "a flat lie": "If we caught anyone doing that, we'd bounce them out of here." He says that, at worst, Gideons were lobbing the Bibles underhand, and besides, "the kids were screamin' for 'em." And from the three-ounce, soft-covered mini New Testaments he shows me, it's clear that one of the elderly gents would need some serious heat on his release to damage a kid's grillwork—even with the additional heft of Psalms and Proverbs.

For now, no amount of civil disobedience would get the teachers out of DeMent's mandated sensitivity classes. He was wise enough to let them select their own curriculum, but had suggested an Anti-Defamation League text with lots of multicultural pap about "heterosexism" and "ableism" and "sharing life experiences" as participants "strengthen pluralism" in "diverse teams." That approach would have been utterly useless, as pluralism in DeKalb County has historically meant there were Southern Baptists and Primitive Baptists and Two-Seeds in the Spirit Predestinarian Baptists.

While it is uncertain how DeKalb will fare in the Eleventh Circuit, the county has one sympathetic judge in nearby Gadsden, Alabama. Judge Roy Moore has blasted DeMent's decision, assuring the citizens of his own county, Etowah, that the DeKalb restrictions have no bearing on them. (Fob James has assured the citizens of all of Alabama the same thing—though DeMent disagrees.) Moore, too, knows something about acknowledging God on state time, having been sued by the ACLU for hanging handcarved redwood Ten Commandments on his courtroom wall, as well as for inviting clergy to conduct prayer before each jury term.

Moore's travails have made him a genuine *cause célèbre*. Evangelicals like James Dobson do mailings in his behalf. Congress has passed a resolution supporting his position. Dean Young, Moore's former spokesman and founder of the Christian Family Association, has sold granite Decalogue tablets (in rose or slate) over the Internet to raise money for his defense.

But sitting in Moore's chambers, one gets the feeling that the judge needs little defending. His manner rests somewhere between minor prophet and Patrick Henry. And as he rocks back in his swivel chair with coal-black eyes and a scales-of-justice tie, he rasps and rumbles and wrestles accordion folders full of Federalist Papers and old case law to the floor. Everyone in Alabama can pinch his share of Jefferson and Madison, but Moore recites from memory hulking swaths of Blackstone commentaries, old congressional records, constitutional convention notes, and other arcana—all of which he knows better than most know their own offspring.

Moore enjoys the support he's getting, though he's used to walking alone. He was a military cop in Vietnam, but left the service after coming home, when morale collapsed and everyone went soft. Running for district attorney in Etowah County in the early '80s, he campaigned against rampant cronyism and corruption in the county's legal system. Though he named no names, four judges sued him, eliciting his King James retort: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." He lost the election, went broke in the process, and wandered the earth to decompress. Moore became a ranch hand in Australia, then kickboxed his way across Texas while working as a roofer. He also took up karate "for fun"—though it wasn't much fun for the third-degree black belt Moore took down in a tournament.

When Moore became a county circuit judge in 1992, he inherited the tradition of jury prayer, which is conducted by outside clergy and is voluntary. A devout Baptist, Moore immediately hung his tablets on the wall, along with the state seal, pictures of Washington and Lincoln, an old Coca-Cola lithograph of the Magna Carta, and a Declaration of Independence parchment found for 25 cents at a yard sale.

In 1995, the ACLU and an atheist organization sued him in federal court, the ACLU's venue of choice. What the ACLU didn't count on was that Fob would get so riled. While the governor's threat to call in the National Guard first gave the story legs across the country, we might not be talking about it today had Fob not decided the case had no business being decided in a federal court. Fob sued both the ACLU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Moore in state court to force a declaratory judgment on whether Moore's actions were constitutional. The ACLU, convinced the suing was theirs to do around here, filed a counterclaim against the state and Moore. (Moore also filed a crossclaim against the ACLU and the state, just to stay in the action.)

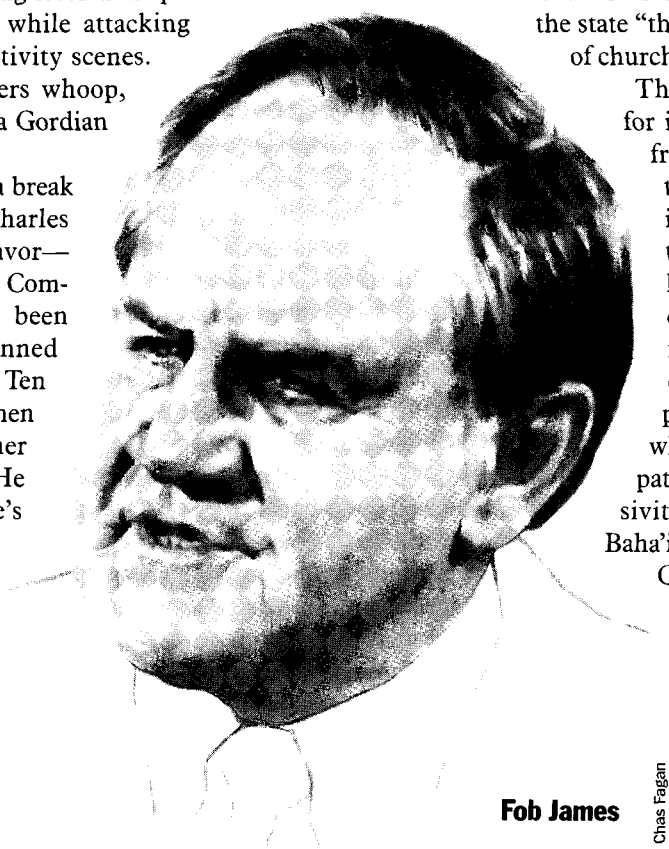
Meanwhile, the federal judge dismissed the ACLU's original claim for lack of standing. That would have freed them to regroup, or return to their regular regimen of defending lesbian adoptions and child pornographers while attacking nudity ordinances and nativity scenes. Instead, Moore's supporters whoop, the ACLU was already in a Gordian Fob-lock.

But the ACLU caught a break in state court. Judge Charles Price ruled in their favor—though case law, in the Ten Commandments area, has been mixed. First, Price banned prayer and allowed the Ten Commandments to stay. Then he reneged after further entreaties by the ACLU. He determined that Moore's tablets were strictly religious and could stay only if surrounded by other documents that placed them in a "historic context" (ignoring the historic decor already adorning the other walls of Moore's courtroom). Many Alabamians now wonder whether Price wishes to be retired from the bench so he can fulfill his calling as an interior decorator. But for his troubles, he picked up a "Profile in Courage Award" from the Kennedys, who all but declared him a saint.

Price's decision was appealed to the Alabama Supreme Court, and the case seemed destined for appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court. But the state's high court has temporarily settled matters without actually picking a victor. At January's end, after a controversial 11-month delay that saw four justices recuse themselves, the state supreme court threw the case out on a jurisdictional technicality without ruling on the constitutionality of Moore's actions. The state justices vacated Price's order, allowing Moore to continue religious expression in the courtroom. But they also ruled that Fob's suit was not a "justiceable action"—that he had no standing to force a ruling on an issue in which he was essentially colluding with a defendant in the suit.

This means that Moore has essentially won the battle by default, though his disappointed supporters accuse the court of cowardice and know that the decision is only a temporary stay. Moore, like the rest of Alabama, has about had it with the ACLU—feelings that the ACLU has reciprocated by calling the state "the most egregious offender of church/state laws in the nation."

The ACLU drilled Moore for inviting clergy to pray in front of juries, claiming that such activity is sectarian and compulsory and that Moore's clergy all hail from a Christian tradition. But Moore has nothing to do with the content of the prayer and permits anyone to leave who doesn't want to participate. As for Christian exclusivity, there aren't a lot of Baha'i priests mulling about the Gadsden barber shop. Moore's attitude is that when Congress fires its chaplain and the president starts taking his oath of office on the Koran and the Supreme Court crier intones, "Vishnu, save the United States and this Honorable Court," and you stop buying jawbreakers at the Stop 'n' Shop with "In God We Trust"-inscribed currency—*then* come talk to Judge Roy.



Fob James

Chas Fagan

To truly understand the fight in Alabama, one must understand the governor who has led the fight: Fob James. And he is best understood by an anecdote—first related to me by attorney general Bill Pryor—that begins in a Georgia lagoon and ends with an evening in the Macon County jail. It seems when Fob was an All-American halfback at Auburn in the mid-'50s, he went fishing with some teammates, including quarterback Vince Dooley, the future Georgia coaching legend. They brought their tackle boxes and rods and coolers of beer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Fob had also made a stop by the Davis Dyar Hardware store. "They got in a boat, went out, and Fob started throwing sticks of dynamite in the water," says Pryor. "Dooley went berserk. But Fob just handed him a stick and said, 'Are you gonna talk or are you gonna fish?'"

I catch up with Fob at a Montgomery AM radio station where he does a weekly call-in show that allows any nut-job to have a crack at the "guv'nah," forcing Fob to talk about fictional state-mandated sterilization or the controversial virtues of hunting deer with dogs. "Some of Fob's friends hunt with dogs, some hunt without dogs," says one of Fob's staffers. "On huntin' deer with dogs—Fob follows his friends."

Fob is surrounded by a gaggle of men who look like castoffs from Elvis's Memphis mafia, with faces like pocked catcher's mitts and the occasional five-point buck on a tie. When I bring up the dynamite fishing, Fob grows a mischievous smile and admits, "All those big ol' carp just came to the top. We were puttin' 'em in baskets fo' an how-ah." He says this into a microphone and a tape recorder that don't belong to me, but to his own staffers. I later learn they record all his interviews, not just because they don't trust the media—but because they don't trust Fob.

He has a knack for being provocative. Fob brought chain gangs back to Alabama after a 30-year hiatus. And last summer, he suggested that if the state wanted to be more efficient, it could model itself after the Waffle House, which he finds "comforting to the soul." He eats the Waffle House's "potatoes with onions and cheese" every chance he gets, as the establishment "is highly disciplined, just like a well-executed play from scrimmage."

Fob has a big meaty face and wears his tie loosened, which makes him look like a sluggish cop nursing a low-grade fever. He has never been the stump-burner that George Wallace or Big Jim Folsom was before him, but he's incorporated a bit of both characters. Naturally, he has drawn comparisons to Wallace for his National Guard threat. And he does share Wallace's loathing of an activist federal judiciary, for which Wallace once prescribed "a barbed-wire enema." The difference, Fob says, is that Wallace's resistance to civil rights was immoral—and Wallace himself admitted he was wrong. Fob says his resistance is more analogous to that of Lincoln, who fought another errant Supreme Court ruling, the *Dred Scott* case.

Fob loves a good scrap, say his friends, and he has managed to alienate nearly everyone at one point or another. Teachers' unions hate him for his education reform and cutbacks, and establishment Republicans hate him for not courting industry and for getting too cozy with the trial lawyers in a state that has been called "Tort Hell." Even Montgomery mayor Emory Folmar is frustrated with Fob, and he has a pretty high tolerance for eccentricity. Folmar has been called the "Mayoratollah," he still calls gays "quee-ahhrs," and he used to pack a .38 in his belt, often beating the police to murder scenes. Now, however, he keeps a gun only in his desk, his car, and by every door in his house. "I believe not only in a strong national defense, but a strong personal defense," he says.

Folmar is chairing Fob's '98 reelection campaign—"if he and I don't kill one anothah first," Folmar says. Fob, so far, isn't listening to Emory—he's not mending fences with Republicans or raising any money. But he does have one issue in his favor—the religion cases. There's a name for moderate Republicans in Alabama: "Democrats." And even Fob's Democratic challenger, lieutenant governor Don Siegleman, who's nipping him in polls, is trying to kick to the right of Fob on school prayer.

The religion cases are the issues Fob cares about most—many say to the exclusion of all others, which means he's invested in the fight. And Alabamians will fight with him. This is a state where the first Republican governor since Reconstruction (Guy Hunt, elected in 1986) was a Primitive Baptist preacher. This is a state where even the Democratic party chairman sends questionnaires to his candidates urging them to detail their religious practices. This is a state where 77 percent of the population believes in daily classroom prayer, and where 76 percent identify themselves as "born-again" (compared with one-third nationally).

As Pam Sumners, the ACLU lawyer handling both religion cases, says, "Nobody ever lost an election here by trashing the ACLU." The ACLU has largely dumbed down Fob's position as: The Bill of Rights doesn't apply to the states; therefore these issues are a state matter. And Sumners says Fob's position is "so far out there" that she wonders if he didn't "take too many knocks in the head playing football."

But Fob's contention is that the Supreme Court has been "in errah" over its longstanding interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment, which prohibits states from depriving "any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law." Since the 1940s, nearly 80 years after the amendment's ratification, the Court has used this due-process clause to apply, against the states, the First Amendment protection that keeps Congress from making a law "respecting an establishment of religion." Fob argues, and he's joined by constitutional scholars like Princeton's Robert George, that this is a clear misapplication—that the First Amendment's establishment clause was intended

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to protect the states from *congressional* establishment of religion. Applying that amendment against the states is as logically untenable as applying the Tenth Amendment (reserving rights to the states) against the states.

Though the Supreme Court isn't about to kick over that can of worms, what may be unsustainable legally could pay off in spades politically, as both school prayer and the Ten Commandments have caught fire nationally. There are campaigns afoot in at least 10 other states to get the Ten Commandments on the walls of public buildings. Polls regularly show over 70 percent of the American public favoring prayer in public schools and a constitutional amendment to protect it. (The Religious Freedom Amendment, protecting student-initiated prayer, currently has 150 cosponsors in the House.)

Moreover, Gary Bauer of the Family Research Council is leading a coalition of evangelicals and constitutional-law professors in an effort to persuade Congress to erect a "federalism shield." The plan, which Bauer will push this spring, calls for Congress to pass a law protecting religious expression by federal and state employees instead of merely issuing fanny-patting resolutions, as it did in the case of Moore. Such a maneuver, Bauer contends, would give legal standing to renegades like Fob and Judge Roy and would also help the legislative branch to regain equal footing on church/state matters after a long spell of judicial usurpation.

Back in DeKalb County, I walk the ocher halls of Sylvania High School. Hanging next to the trophy cases—still—is a picture of Washington praying at Valley Forge, and another of Robert E. Lee reading a Bible to a child. I interview the sons and daughters of poultry farmers and sock-mill workers. Even many of the more urbane among them have hat-hair and tobacco-tin jean rings. I approach the steakheads and the shop rats and the coltish little buds who might be thinking about midterms, or Friday-night games, or back-seat rumpus. But they've all got religion on the brain.

About 95 percent of them go to church every Sunday. About 75 percent belong to the school's "Christians in Action" club. Many bring Bibles to school, and only one girl knows any atheists—"them four boys in black with shaggy hair."

Right now, there is but one certainty here. You can try to knock God out of the public square in Alabama. But with principals like Gary Carlyle, with judges like Roy Moore, and with a dynamite-fishing governor—Alabama's going to knock you back. ♦

THE ANTI-DIVORCE REVOLUTION

By Pia Nordlinger

Town & Country, a glossy magazine for the well-heeled, touted a special feature in its January issue: "T&C's Guide to Civilized Divorce." Placed just before photos of society newlyweds in the monthly "Weddings" section, the guide highlights how to choose the right attorney, minimize costs, and spare the children mental anguish. The 16-page insert even includes a compilation of America's top divorce lawyers, complete with their professional nicknames: "Your Worst Nightmare," "The Hired Gun," and "The Stealth Bomber."

Readers of slick magazines may be interested in the mode of divorce, but the rest of the country is far more concerned about its rate. One fact is well known: Every year since 1975, over one million marriages in the United States have ended in divorce. What is less well known is that grass-roots efforts to reduce the divorce rate are springing up across the country. Little by little, an anti-divorce movement is gathering steam. State legislators are considering reform of no-fault divorce laws. Churches and synagogues are working with couples to hold marriages together. Marriage education, as opposed to traditional marriage therapy, is gaining popularity. New research challenges the rationale behind divorce "for the children's sake," and analysts are arguing for new attitudes toward marriage and the family. These scattered battles add up to an undeclared but unmistakable war on divorce.

Pia Nordlinger is a reporter at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The legislative flank of this many-faceted movement concentrates on rolling back "no-fault" divorce. First passed in 1969 by the California legislature and signed into law by then-governor Ronald Reagan, no-fault divorce was eventually adopted in every state. It made a clean break with a past in which proof of fault—adultery, cruelty, criminal conviction, desertion, addiction, and so on—was always required. Under pure no-fault laws, a spouse who wants out is relieved of the necessity of proving that his or her partner is to blame for some fundamental breach of the marriage contract: In effect, either spouse can end a marriage unilaterally. A husband or wife has only to declare that the marriage is "irrevocably broken" or that the couple has developed "irreconcilable differences," and a divorce will be granted, usually after a waiting period. The law thus sides with the spouse who would dissolve the marriage contract, rendering a spouse who contests a divorce essentially powerless. Only 14 states have pure no-fault systems; the others have hybrids. In Pennsylvania, for example, a couple can choose either fault-based or no-fault divorce. An uncontested no-fault divorce is granted in 90 days, but if one spouse contests, a two-year separation is required before a no-fault divorce can take place.

Originally, no-fault laws were meant to make divorce less traumatic and more honest. Fault-based divorce required proof of bad behavior on someone's part, and the proof was often concocted by parties eager to separate. Another goal of the reformers was equality. According to Lenore Weitzman, author of *The Divorce Revolution*, no-fault laws were intended "to effect equal treatment for men and women by abolishing the sex-based assumptions of the traditional law" regarding matters like alimony and custody. Barbara Dafoe Whitehead, author of *The Divorce Culture*, places the rapid spread of no-fault in the context of the 1970s embrace of individualism and self-actualization. "With the advent of expressive divorce," she writes, "the argument for regulating divorce collapsed."

As a result, the marriage contract became less binding. No-fault enabled men and women to escape horrific marriages—and it allowed them to abandon average ones as well. The number of broken marriages climbed, as divorce-on-demand became standard. True, divorce rates were rising before the birth of the no-fault nation, which leads no-fault advocates to blame a multitude of other factors for the trend. But no-fault should not be let off the hook entirely. During the 1970s, when more and more states were adopting no-fault laws, the annual number of divorces shot from 708,000 in 1970 to 1,181,000 in 1979, an increase of 66 percent.

Even as divorce was becoming commonplace, public opinion remained ambivalent. Between 1970 and 1995, the minority who oppose divorce as a solution to marital difficulty rose slowly from 22 percent to 34 percent, according to CBS News polls. More striking, through the '80s and '90s roughly half the respondents to National Opinion Research Center surveys agreed with the statement, "Divorce should be more difficult to obtain than it is now," while the share who thought it should be even easier hovered around 25 percent.

Still, the public may not be ready to repeal no-fault. Most attempts to toughen state laws have failed. The notable exception came last July, when Louisiana enacted "covenant marriage." Couples in that state now have the opportunity to choose between a standard marriage and a covenant marriage, which includes premarital counseling and, if the marriage should break down, counseling before a divorce can take place. Covenant couples can be granted a no-fault divorce only after a two-year waiting period, four times the standard period. Yet covenant couples may seek a fault-based divorce if there is evidence of adultery, abandonment, physical or sexual abuse, or felony imprisonment.

Since Louisiana's law took effect, only a tiny fraction of couples have taken the covenant plunge. Legislators are discussing variants of covenant marriage in Indiana, California, Michigan, and Virginia, but in most states, reformers are looking for other ways to make divorce more difficult and marriage more thoughtful.

Thus, a bill proposed in Virginia would allow no-fault divorce only if neither spouse contests *and* there are no minor children. "Loose divorce laws are a conspirator in the breakdown of the family," says sponsor Roger McClure, a Republican. "I'm trying to craft a way to protect the young mother who is dependent on her husband and his income." McClure's bill died in subcommittee. In Texas, Republican representative Arlene Wohlgemuth introduced a similar bill that would have required a one-year waiting period for a no-fault divorce. That bill also went nowhere, but Wohlgemuth plans to introduce it again. In Florida, the Marriage Preparation and Preservation Act, cosponsored by Democrat Elaine Bloom and Republican Steve Wise, would have required all couples to submit to a four-hour premarital-counseling course before obtaining a marriage license, and it would have withheld finalization of divorces until the couple had attended a "marriage-preservation" course. This too was defeated.

The most comprehensive reform package has been introduced in Michigan, by Republican Jesse Dalman.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One distinctive provision would require parents of minors to create "parenting plans" if they wish to divorce; these plans would address the children's physical care, residential schedule, education, and emotional welfare. Dalman also proposes a three-tier divorce system: consent, no-consent, and "legal separate maintenance." This hybrid would replace Michigan's pure no-fault regime. The Dalman bills are at various stages of review.

One serious roadblock to such legislation is concern about government intrusion in the private sphere. In the Illinois House, Republican James Durkin was asked to sponsor a bill that offered couples the choice between premarital counseling and a 60-day waiting period for a marriage license. He demurred on grounds of government expansion. "It's not our place to dictate how people will enter into the sanctity of marriage," he says. "For the state to mandate premarital counseling is just going too far."

And opposition hardly stops there. Domestic-violence activists and others argue that stricter divorce laws will make it harder for victims to leave abusive spouses. Other advocates for women, meanwhile, point out that fault-based divorce is expensive, forcing women of modest means to leave their marriages without divorce and thus without the alimony and child support afforded by the legal process.

IN SCORES OF CITIES, RELIGIOUS LEADERS ARE ADOPTING POLICIES TO LOWER DIVORCE BY BETTER PREPARING COUPLES FOR MARRIAGE.

Nor are the country's pundits universally admiring of anti-divorce efforts. In a column published last year, the *Nation*'s Katha Pollitt proclaimed divorce "an American value." "The real aim of conservative divorce reform," she wrote, "is to enforce a narrow and moralistic vision of marriage by rendering divorce more painful and more punitive." Margaret Talbot, writing in the *New Republic*, also argued for divorce as an honored American right: "The love match, rather than the arranged marriage, has been the norm in the United States from its inception. And since love matches are inherently wobblier than arranged marriages, divorce has long been something of an American tradition, too."

But the issue is larger than how hard or easy the law should make it for a couple to part when their marriage has broken down. Those who believe that family breakup damages individuals and the country are not confining their efforts to legislation. Much of the energy behind the movement is religious in inspiration, and much of the thrust is positive, stressing the need to build strong marriages.

Leading this charge is Marriage Savers, an organization that works towards a simple goal: "What God has joined together, let the church hold together." Michael McManus, a syndicated columnist and president of Marriage Savers, has been addressing the need to shore up marriage since the early 1980s. His organization is based on the premise that religious institutions and their congregations need to play a meaningful role in the marriages they solemnize. "Too many churches," writes McManus, "are simply blessing machines or wedding factories, grinding out weddings on Saturday, with no strategy on how to help those couples be successful."

McManus does have a strategy, and it appears to be catching on. In scores of cities, religious leaders of all faiths have adopted what he calls a Community Marriage Policy. Clergy from every denomination are invited to gather and draw up a set of requirements for couples who want to be married. The goal is to reduce the divorce rate by properly preparing couples for marriage, building strong marriages, and saving marriages that face disaster. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, for example, the Community Marriage Policy requires couples to attend four premarital-counseling sessions that involve religious instruction and relationship training; and the clergy are pledged to promote courtships of at least a year and to teach long-married "mentor couples" to work with engaged couples. In Reading, Pennsylvania, clergy encourage teenagers to sign a "True Love Waits" pledge of sexual abstinence, require four months of marriage preparation, meet with newlyweds twice in their first year of marriage, and urge all married couples to attend a marriage retreat.

Community Marriage Policies are gaining in popularity. Modesto, California, signed the first one in 1986. By 1993, only 14 cities had joined the program, but since then, the number has leapt to 80. While some cities have a long way to go before they reduce their divorce rate, others are already claiming success. According to McManus, Modesto has reduced its divorce rate by 40 percent, and Peoria, Illinois, saw a 19 percent drop between 1991 and 1995.

In addition to promoting Community Marriage Policies, Marriage Savers is inviting all churches to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

offer marriage counseling. The counseling that the group recommends begins with a "premarital inventory," an exercise designed to help couples evaluate their relationship. One inventory, entitled *PREPARE*, asks each partner to agree or disagree with 125 statements, such as, "We openly discuss problems and usually find good solutions," "I expect that some romantic love will fade after marriage," and "I have some concerns about how my partner will be as a parent." The partners then discuss their answers with an older mentor couple from the congregation who have volunteered their time to help the younger couple think through issues surrounding marriage. McManus is especially proud of the mentoring program. "In the Bible, Luke writes that the Lord sent out disciples two by two into every town," he says. "You think of two Mormons walking down the street. My image is of a man and a woman in their den, talking to a younger couple."

Generally, couples walk away from all this mentoring and counseling with greater confidence in their future marriage. Some, however, decide to break off their engagement. According to Dr. David Olson, the author of *PREPARE*, one in ten couples who take the inventory decides not to marry. (Olson claims, further, that his inventory can predict with 86 percent accuracy which couples will divorce and which will stay together.) Meetings with mentors open a few eyes, as well. McManus says that, in his church, mentor couples held premarital sessions with 135 couples, of whom 25 decided not to marry. Better a broken engagement, goes the thinking, than a broken home.

Churches are promoting well-considered marriage, but this is not exclusively religious work. Secular efforts to improve marriages are growing as well. The Coalition for Marriage, Family and Couples Education, run by former marriage therapist Diane Sollee in Washington, D.C., serves as a clearinghouse of information for people who want to learn more about marriage education. The premise of marriage education is that men and women can get along if they have the ability to communicate—and that ability is teachable. Explains Sollee, "Couples who stay married and couples who divorce disagree exactly the same amount. What matters is how they go about it. You can learn those skills."

Marriage-skills classes, intended for couples at any stage of a relationship, are markedly different from group therapy. In fact, emoting is strictly discouraged. "'Express your feelings' is some of the worst advice a person can give to a couple," says Sollee. "Your feelings at the time might be that your partner is a scum-sucking loser, but that's not going to help. Emotions can get out of control—or you can share them within a structure."

Exercises such as premarital inventories may be useful to couples who are having a relatively easy time of it, but those on the verge of divorce need other kinds of help. The Catholic church—which has run mentoring and other marriage-strengthening programs for years—administers "Retrouvaille" (French for "rediscovery"), designed for couples who, in the words of Diane Sollee, "answer 'no' when you ask them, 'Do you still love each other?'" During a weekend retreat, mentor couples who have overcome major rifts—caused by such problems as adultery and alcohol abuse—share their experiences with participants who are considering divorce or have already separated. Subsequent sessions help spouses work through their grievances and, ideally, lead them to forgive each other. Open to people of all faiths, Retrouvaille weekends reportedly save eight out of every ten marriages they treat.

In the secular camp, Michele Weiner-Davis, a Chicago family therapist, has built a practice around a new form of marriage counseling—"Solution-Oriented Brief Therapy." Weiner-Davis emphasizes that this is not traditional marriage therapy. "In a Freudian approach to marriage therapy, you first try to understand what the problem is," she says. "You look at the past, your parents, and their marriage. Then you look at the combination of all that with your spouse. That sort of introspection takes a very long time. Instead of focusing on the past, I generate ways of handling the current situation."

Weiner-Davis developed her approach in the 1980s, but her practice took off after her book, *Divorce Busting*, appeared in 1992. "People have flown in from all over the country," she says. "They read the book and think I'm their savior." And for good reason: Weiner-Davis estimates that she saves 85 percent of her clients from divorce. To reach as many people as possible, she travels the country leading workshops and seminars for both therapists and the general public.

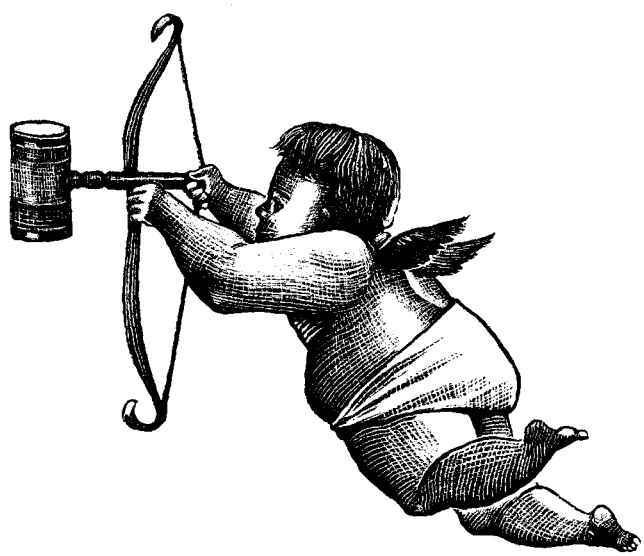
For marriages gone awry, the range of help available has broadened. Larger questions, however, still lurk below the surface. Why bother? Why keep a failed marriage together? Some of those without religious answers look to scientific research for clues. In the process, a number of intellectuals, some of them liberals, have turned their attention to confronting the divorce-friendly culture.

Psychologist Judith Wallerstein has played an unparalleled role in documenting how divorce affects

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

children. Starting in 1971, she tracked 131 children of divorce for 25 years. For the purposes of her study, Wallerstein became a trusted presence in the children's lives, interviewing them at various stages and assessing their psychological well-being. She concluded that divorce creates unexpectedly deep and long-lasting problems. Wallerstein presents her findings in *Surviving the Breakup* and *Second Chances: Men, Women, and Children a Decade After Divorce.* Her latest report, released in July 1997, discusses 26 children now in their twenties who were 2 to 6 years old when their parents divorced. Half of the children developed serious drug or alcohol problems, some before the age of 14. Fear of failing in their own relationships and fear of having children are pervasive among them, as are severe feelings of abandonment.

Wallerstein and others who stress the high cost of divorce raise hackles among those committed to the view that children are better off when a bad marriage ends. But a new study of family upheaval by sociologists Paul Amato of the University of Nebraska and Alan Booth of Pennsylvania State University underlines some important distinctions. According to their research, reported in their 1997 book *A Generation at Risk*, the worst situations for children are high-conflict marriages that last and low-conflict marriages that end in divorce. And it turns out that most divorces fall into the latter category: A whopping 70 percent of divorces end "low-conflict" marriages. "For children's sake," Amato and Booth conclude, "some marriages should not be salvaged. But in marriages that are not fraught with severe conflict and abuse, future generations would be well served if parents remained together until children are grown."


Kevin Chadwick

Outside academia, the starting point for much of the current anti-divorce literature was Barbara Dafoe Whitehead's famous article "Dan Quayle Was Right," in the April 1993 *Atlantic*. Whitehead was then based at the Institute for American Values in New York, whose president, David Blankenhorn, is another leading analyst of the effects of divorce. In her article, she exposed the dire straits of the American family and called for sustained attention to the challenge of rebuilding it. "Every time the issue of family structure has been raised," she wrote, "the response has been first controversy, then retreat, and finally silence." This time, the controversy has yet to die out.

Whitehead expanded her argument in *The Divorce Culture*, published in 1997. And last September, she joined forces with David Popenoe, professor of sociology at Rutgers University and the author of *Life Without Father,* to launch The National Marriage Project, a mini-think tank fostering research and critical thinking on marriage. Popenoe hopes to put marriage into the political lexicon. "Marriage is a term that can be a third rail in politics," he says. "People talk about families, not about marriages."

This positive attention to marriage is an important development. "We've shifted from the critique of divorce to the crisis of marriage," says Whitehead. Columnist Maggie Gallagher, the author of *The Abolition of Marriage*, concurs: "I would never call this an anti-divorce movement. It's a marriage movement. The focus is not to punish people who have divorces. It's to tell people that there is this extremely important thing called marriage that needs a lot of support from education, religion, and public policy." Even Judith Wallerstein, who spent the last 25 years tracing the effects of divorce, has shifted her attention to marriages that last. Her latest book, *The Good Marriage: How and Why Love Works*, is the product of interviews with 50 couples who consider themselves happily married.

With efforts advancing on so many different fronts to strengthen families and cultivate an aversion to divorce, a continuing gradual shift in attitudes seems likely. Barbara Dafoe Whitehead looks forward to a vibrant dialogue about marriage. It is already taking place across the country, in statehouses and church basements and living rooms. "This is a new and important movement," she says. "It's not monolithic. It's arising out of the cracks in the sidewalks." Successful counter-cultural movements usually do. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our "special deal" *

Buy any two items from this ad and get a third one for same or lesser price than the less expensive one for FREE. For instance, buy a $69.95 item and a $49.95 item and you get another $49.95 item or lesser priced item for FREE. Only one $4.95 shipping/handling charge for entire order.

Haverhills' Collection of this season's "Best Sellers"

About this Ad

This ad features some of our most popular items of this season. You have seen them advertised in major national media. Every one of them is a top buy. And with our "special deal" (3-for-the-price-of-2) they are bargains you can't afford to miss.

Still the greatest watch value: in the air, on land, at sea, and underwater...

Navigator™ Watch only $49.95*

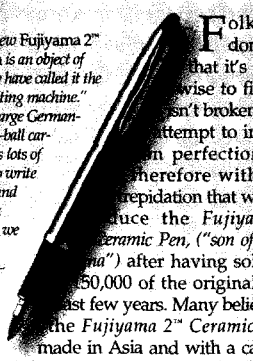
•Don't be fooled by look-alike imitations. There is only one genuine Navigator™ Watch.

Wear this watch to work, to play, to swim and dive—and to rally. The Navigator™ Watch is steered by a sophisticated, ultra-accurate Japanese quartz movement that is powered by a tiny mercury cell. The Navigator™ has both luminous analog dial, and LCD display. It gives you dual time capability. The LCD display shows time continuously—in 12-hr. or 24-hr. mode. Push the button and you display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and a switchable hourly time signal. The stopwatch/chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has "interrupt" and "lap" modes. A light switch illuminates the display.

The *Navigator™ Watch* is available in black metal execution (as per illustration, with linked black metal band) and silvertone (stainless steel execution, with linked silvertone metal band). It is water resistant to 150 ft. The crystal is "mineral glass"—it is virtually scratch-proof. ***Navigator™ Watch* #1005D638a for black and #1005D638b for silvertone execution.**

Does this Japanese model outperform famous European luxury pens?

Fujiyama 2™ Ceramic Pen still only $39.95*

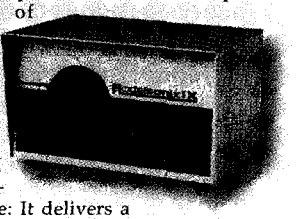


•*The brand-new* Fujiyama 2™ Ceramic Pen *is an object of beauty. Many have called it the "ultimate writing machine." It contains a large German-made ceramic-ball cartridge. It holds lots of ink, enough to write many letters and memos. As an added service, we include two extra refill cartridges with each pen.*

Folk wisdom has it that it's seldom wise to fix what isn't broken and to attempt to improve on perfection. It is therefore with some trepidation that we introduce the *Fujiyama 2™ Ceramic Pen*, ("son of Fujiyama") after having sold over 150,000 of the original in the last few years. Many believe that the *Fujiyama 2™ Ceramic Pen*—made in Asia and with a cartridge that is the finest product of German stationery technology—is the most handsome and best-writing pen in the world. *Fujiyama 2™* has stunning hi-lacquer gunmetal finish, fine gold-plated accents and snappy clip. It has perfect heft and feel and, of course, just like its predecessor, it writes like a dream. And with its new cushioned Turbogrip™, which lets you write for hours without tiring, this pen has now been brought to the edge of the 21st century. ***Fujiyama 2™ Ceramic Pen*. #1049D638c**

Rid your home of varmints and pests once and for all...

Rodelsonix IX only $69.95*



Mice, rats, roaches, bats, fleas, spiders and other pests make life miserable at home or at the plant. Old-fashioned poisons get rid of them—but only temporarily, and they are a hazard to you and to your pets. *Rodelsonix IX* works on a different principle: It delivers a tremendous blast of ultrasound—inaudible to you and your pets—that disrupts the nervous systems of those pests. They'll leave your home within a few weeks—never to return. No poison and no mess.

Rodelsonix IX is an industrial-type unit designed and engineered to be effective in restaurants, factories, and food-processing plants. It protects up to 10,000 sq. ft. (70,000 cu. ft.). It has six variable pitch and "loudness" settings. You can even adjust it to keep larger pests, such as raccoons or rabbits, at bay. ***Rodelsonix IX* #1007D638d**

Increase your hearing range by a factor of at least 10X, with...

PowerVox IV™ only $39.95*

•PowerVox™ *is state-of-the-art in sound amplification. It does for hearing what binoculars do for seeing. It brings everything 10-times closer.* PowerVox™ *is not a medical hearing aid. It is a way for you to better enjoy the world of sounds around you.*

The instructions to the *PowerVox IV™* caution you to have the control on "very low" when you first try the instrument. If you do not, it could scare the daylights out of you. The thing is truly astonishing and in a way almost unbelievable until you try it and convince yourself. Put the *PowerVox* in your shirt pocket or clip it to your belt and realize to your amazement you can hear people talking up to 50 feet away, a pin drop 10 feet away, and every little sound in your surroundings. A walk through the woods will reveal birds, deer, squirrels, and even little crawly things that you never would have known about otherwise. *PowerVox IV* comes with a full complement of attachments: Belt/Pocket Clip and Earphones. The 9-volt battery is included of course! ***PowerVox IV™* #1050D638e**

A whole new world of listening pleasure with...

MR-307A PLL Digital AM/FM Radio only $59.95*

•*The MR-307A works on two AAA cells and, yes—they are included! It measures 2.5 x 4 inches and weighs less than five ounces. Fidelity is crisp; it's astonishing especially for a radio of its size.*

•*Consider the MR-307A as a corporate gift. We can silkscreen your logo on quantities of 100 units or more.*

You won't believe it until you actually hear it. Here is a radio so small that it comfortably fits into your shirt pocket; but it has sound so clear and so crisp that you'd think you were in a concert hall or listening to an elaborate sound system. Here are some of the other great features of this breakthrough receiver:

- **PLL Synthesized Tuning**
- **Built-in Speaker**
- **High-Impact Case**
- **State-of-the-Art Technology**
- **10 Memory Presets**
- **Stereo Earphones**
- **Stereo Phone Jack**
- **Stereo/Mono Switch**
- **Key-Lock Function**
- **Batteries Included**

Get most advanced technical features, "shirt pocket" AM/FM reception as you never had before, and enjoy a whole new world of listening pleasure. ***MR-307A PLL Digital Radio* #1057D638f**

More than just a telescope...more than just a microscope...

Episcope

(the complete vest-pocket optical system)

Still only $69.95*

Remove the Episcope from its fitted leather case and it's a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 3x telescope, or a unique 3x telescope-loupe. Another twist, and you have a choice of magnifiers and loupes: 5x, 10x, and 15x powers. The Episcope, only 2" long, was developed in Wetzlar (Germany), the home of world-famous Leica cameras; it's now being made by one of Japan's finest lens makers. The optics are superb; brilliant luminosity, needle-sharp focus, absolute planarity, total chromatic corrects, and fully anastigmatic. The Episcope is the first choice of geologists, biologists, numismatists, philatelists, engineers, and just anybody who likes to see the infinite detail in his/her surroundings. It comes with a plastic "tripod" for extended observations at 15X or 30x magnifications. ***Episcope* #1062D638g**

Even at its highest magnification of 30x, the Episcope resolves as distinctly as any laboratory microscope, yet it is only 2" long. An optical miracle!

***Our "special deal" BUY ANY 2 ITEMS AND GET ANOTHER ONE FREE!**

For instance: Buy a $69.95 item and a $49.95 item and get another $49.95 or lesser-priced item FREE!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER BY TOLL FREE PHONE OR BY FAX SEE NUMBERS BELOW

For customer service, please call (415) 543-6675. For wholesale orders, call Chris Simpson at that same number.

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number shown after the item. Add $4.95 shipping/ins. for each item (**except three Rodelsonix IX** for $9.90), plus sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967

haverhills®

185 Berry St. San Francisco, CA 94107

✆ Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or by fax (415) 546-7808 ✆

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHODUNIT?

Dorothy L. Sayers and the Mystery of English Fiction

By J. Bottum

In 1860, with the publication of a book called *The Woman in White*, a minor Victorian novelist named Wilkie Collins wrecked the English novel.

It is, of course, unfair to blame the amiable Collins for all that went wrong with fiction once authors started writing mysteries. But with the 1998 publication of *Thrones, Dominations*, a new Lord Peter Wimsey story completed by Jill Paton Walsh from notes left by Dorothy L. Sayers at her death in 1957, we can find one small measure of the price we paid for the rise of the mystery novel.

Finishing a dead author's unfinished novel is one of the trickiest of literary feats; perhaps it is better to say that it is impossible: Both Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray left incomplete manuscripts, and none of the many attempts to finish them has been convincing. *Thrones, Dominations*, however, is something beyond unconvincing; it is an exceedingly bad book whose cynical attempt to cash in on Sayers's name is possible only in a world in which mysteries constitute the largest single block of books sold. And what little echo of the original author the novel does manage to evoke serves mostly to remind us of the extent to which—from the first Lord Peter novel, *Whose Body?* (1923), to the last, *Busman's Honeymoon* (1937)—Sayers's genuine if somewhat eccentric literary talent squandered itself in writing minor classics of a minor and uncongenial form of art.

J. Bottum is Books & Arts editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

A close friend of Dickens, Wilkie Collins was a lawyer who found fiction more enjoyable and remunerative than the law. And in his novels—from the widely read *The Woman in White* to *No Name*, *Armadale*, and his most enduring book, *The Moonstone* in 1868—Collins merely did what one writer or another in his day was bound to do: He seized upon the various undeveloped suggestions that had been building in English literature for seventy years and created the modern mystery novel.

Kent Lemon

Dorothy L. Sayers

The setting for this new genre owed something to such prison and crime stories as William Godwin's 1794 *The Adventures of Caleb Williams*, while the drama of the mystery novel derived at least in part from Horace Walpole's 1764 *The Castle of Otranto* and the whole swarm of its Gothic imitators that Jane Austen so roundly mocked in her 1818 *Northanger Abbey*. And the figure of the detective—suggested by the publication in Paris of Eugène François Vidocq's 1828 *Mémoires*—was brought into fiction by Edgar Allan Poe's detective tales of the early 1840s, from "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" to "The Purloined Letter."

But Collins was the first to achieve great popular success in England (as Emile Gaboriau did at the same time in France) by pointing these elements exclusively toward the solution of a puzzle—a game in which the hero and the reader race to see who will discover the solution first. His fiction contains most of the typical interests of Victorian literature: a concern with social class; a fascination with eccentricity (in *The Moonstone*, the key narrating character of the butler, constantly repairing to a well-thumbed copy of *Robinson Crusoe* for inspiration, is nearly unbearable by twentieth-century standards); and a knowledge that every novel must at some point include a love story. To all this, however, he added something never seen before. Weighing his tales down with a tedious machinery of letters, diaries, and confessions—and correcting *The Woman in White* for its second edition when a reviewer pointed out that a crucial date was at least a week off—he intro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duced into fiction the idea of *evidence*, the notion that readers must concern themselves above all with the parade of facts in which the author is both concealing and revealing the truth of his story.

The effect on English literature was entirely bad. There entered into art with the late Victorian mystery novel a new carefulness—not of language or of story, but of sheer evidence. Even great writers were affected: Much as Shakespeare could give blithely contradictory hints about Hamlet's age, so Dickens could remain unconcerned with perfect consistency from the early and sloppily constructed crime story of *Oliver Twist* in 1838 to the much more tightly controlled *Bleak House* in 1853; by 1870, however, in *Edwin Drood*, the mystery novel left unfinished at his death, Dickens was compelled by Collins's success to spend a great deal of time keeping straight the facts of the puzzle he had created.

It is worth noting that not since Dickens has an author in English simultaneously achieved enormous popularity and critical recognition. Once Arthur Conan Doyle created Sherlock Holmes in the 1887 *A Study in Scarlet* and formalized the character of the detective, the pulp writers were given a new genre in which they could flourish and draw off from the audience for major novels a large segment of the reading public.

A great deal of experimenting remained to be done—from E.C. Bentley's demonstration of how to integrate a love story into a mystery with *Trent's Last Case* in 1913 to Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett's demonstration of how to integrate violence in the hard-boiled American fiction of the 1930s and '40s, with Agatha Christie's over ninety novels following the 1920 *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* establishing the sub-genre of the cozy, British fireside mystery. Innumerable other authors did their part to define the form in the first decades of the twentieth century: G.K. Chesterton in England and Melville Davisson Post in America created the religious mystery; Cyril Hare composed the first major lawyer puzzle; Freeman Crofts invented the detective procedural; John Dickson Carr, with various pseudonyms, perfected the locked-room mystery; under the name "Michael Innes," J.I.M. Stewart developed the academic tale; and Dorothy L. Sayers—well, in eleven novels and three volumes of short stories, she dabbled in nearly all the emerging sub-genres of the mystery novel, staking out for herself the aristocratic world in which only a man like Lord Peter Wimsey, son of the Duke of Denver, could move.

Dorothy L. Sayers
& Jill Paton Walsh
Thrones, Dominations
St. Martin's, 312 pp., $23.95

By everyone's account, it was all enormous fun for the authors at the time, and it remains enormous fun to read today. But the idea of the puzzle and the reign of evidence is oppressive and enduring. A trip to the public library—with its endless shelves of new mysteries that readers check out by the yard—is all that's necessary to convince one that the hack-work done in the genre has made apparently ineradicable the division between the low-brow pulp that is actually consumed by American readers and the high-brow work that is praised by American reviewers.

The new *Thrones, Dominations* tells the story of the mystery writer Harriet Vane's early married days to Lord Peter Wimsey, as she endeavors to set up house, come to an understanding with her husband's longtime valet Bunter, manage her aristocratic in-laws—and help her husband solve a murder. The beautiful and lethargic Rosamund, wife of the wealthy and intensely jealous theater promoter Laurence Harwell, has been found strangled in a country cottage, and everybody who has a motive also seems to have been somewhere else. But bit by bit—in breaks between carrying out delicate diplomatic missions involving Edward VIII's love affair with Mrs. Simpson and 1936 abdication—Lord Peter breaks down their alibis. Unfortunately, he breaks down everyone's alibi, and moves from having no suspects to having too many. Finally, thanks to a key detail in a portrait of Rosamund and his own work gathering information on the London sewer system for Harriet's next novel, Lord Peter solves the mystery and traps the murderer.

Whatever the extent of the notes Sayers left, it was not sufficient to guide *Thrones, Dominations* to any good effect. In part, the failure of the book comes from the new author's misunderstanding of the way Sayers used her characters. Lord Peter is too active, his brother is too kind, and his mother is too present to leave believable her character of vagueness masking sharp intelligence. Harriet is a sort of 1990s feminist forced into 1930s clothing. She is oddly coy (at one point requesting that her husband join her in "an anglo-saxon verb") while also far more sexually explicit than Sayers would ever have allowed. In greater part, however, the novel fails simply by its inability to do what Sayers did best: mobilize detail for both symbolic and practical use in her mysteries. The domestic detail in the new novel is endless and for the most part pointless; reams of information about painting appear without much use; and precise facts about 1930s airplanes are carefully presented without any use at all.

It was all so much more tasteful in the original novels, and followed much more strictly the demands that Sayers made in her own famous description of the detective novel. When, at age thirty, she made her 1923 debut with *Whose Body?*, the mystery of a corpse wearing nothing but a pair of gold pince-nez appearing suddenly in the bathtub of the flustered and respectable Mr. Thipps

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made for a fine story (though the solution is revealed a little early). But the character of Lord Peter Wimsey was thin, borrowed mostly from stock caricatures of the aristocratic eccentric—just as the serious Bunter obviously owed a great deal to P. G. Wodehouse's comic manservant Jeeves (at one point in *Strong Poison*, when Bunter declares that he endeavors to give satisfaction, Lord Peter tells him not to talk as though he were Bertie Wooster's valet).

The success of *Whose Body?* and its sequels proved of great financial importance to Sayers, who in 1926 married a charming wastrel named Mac Fleming whom she was forced to support—after giving birth in 1924 to an illegitimate son (by a different man) whom she immediately turned over to a relative and never publicly acknowledged. In the 1926 *Clouds of Witness*, Lord Peter saves his brother the Duke from a murder charge tried before the House of Lords; in the 1927 *Unnatural Death* he solves a delicate mystery involving a change in the British laws of inheritance; and in the 1928 *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club*, he moves ironically between the stuffy world of the gentlemen's clubs and the decadent world of London's artistic bohemians.

Through this run of early books, Lord Peter developed a genuine and unique character—but at great cost, for even while he provided Sayers with the money and acclaim she needed, he absorbed all the novelistic energy she might have put to greater use. And by 1930, she had made him so wonderful that she herself began to love him—writing *Strong Poison*, in which he inexplicably falls in love with a mystery writer and Sayers's stand-in named Harriet Vane who, while doing research to write a mystery about arsenic poisoning, finds herself accused of killing her former lover with arsenic. In the 1932 *Have His Carcase* (nearly the longest and easily the worst of the novels), Lord Peter pursues her to the seaside where together they solve a murder, and in the 1935 *Gaudy Night* he pursues her on to Oxford—of which Sayers had been one of the first female graduates—and at last, in their masters' robes, she agrees (in Latin) to marry him and they kiss.

Except for a pair of short stories, a few ironic letters in Lord Peter's name to the London *Spectator* during World War II, and Jill Paton Walsh's ill-advised attempt to continue the saga, the 1937 *Busman's Honeymoon* concluded their tale with a corpse found on their honeymoon.

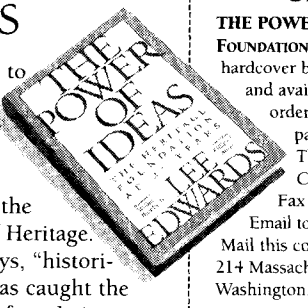
Gaudy Night is perhaps the best of these books, but Sayers never found the kind of unity of mystery and love story that Bentley, for instance, had managed in *Trent's Last Case*. And proof that Lord Peter's romance was a wrong turn is found in the fact that Sayers's three best mysteries were interspersed among the Harriet novels—while leaving Harriet out. In the 1931 *The Five Red Herrings* Sayers sent Lord Peter to Scotland to solve an intricate railroad-timetable mystery; in the 1933 *Murder Must Advertise* she sent him undercover into the advertising agency in which she had worked in her twenties; and in the 1934 *The Nine Tailors* she created her one true masterpiece—a classic mystery story of bellringing, murder, and flooding in England's Fen Country.

Like Harriet Vane, the daughter of a clergyman, Sayers returned to High Anglicanism as an adult, joining such figures as Helen Waddell and Evelyn Underhill in what was a uniquely British congeries of eccentric, religious, literary women. In the last twenty years of her life, inspired by T. S. Eliot's revival of Christian drama with the 1935 *Murder in the Cathedral*, she began to write Passion Plays for the BBC—culminating with *The Man Born to Be King*, which became a national triumph when it aired during World War II. So, too, her collections of apologetics found a wide audience during the 1940s.

"This is not just the chronicle of another think tank. It is an inspiring tale of the men, women and ideas that in twenty-five short years have built the conservative movement's indispensable institution."

—Michael Reagan

THE POWER OF IDEAS



One cannot begin to understand the modern conservative movement in American politics without knowing the 25-year history of Heritage. As Bill Buckley says, "historian Lee Edwards has caught the special magic of a foundation ...[which has] become the dominant think tank in America."

The Heritage Foundation
214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E.
Suite 520B
Washington, D.C. 20002-4999

SPECIAL OFFER

THE POWER OF IDEAS: THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION AT 25 YEARS, is a $29.95, 360-page hardcover book published by Jameson Books and available in bookstores—or you can order direct today, for $19.95 postage paid and **save $10.00.**
This "Special offer" expires soon.
Call: 800-544-4843
Fax coupon to: 202-543-9647
Email to: pubs@heritage.com
Mail this coupon to: The Heritage Foundation, 214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Suite 520B, Washington, D.C. 20002-4999.

Enclosed is my check for $_____

Please charge my ❑ VISA ❑ Mastercard

No._____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ___ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is worth noticing, however, that she was celebrated for her Christian views primarily because she was already famous for writing bestselling mysteries. When she published in 1929 a translation of the romance of Tristan and Isolde, it received little attention. When she began publishing in the late 1940s her rhymed translations of Dante, they were widely reviewed. So many of the things that Dorothy L. Sayers did, from her early poetry to her unfinished critical study of Wilkie Collins, read like fragments—fragments of a major literary talent that got sidetracked and used up in the mystery novel's deadly little literary project. ♦

GEORGE STEINER IN AMERICA

An Erratic Life

By Margaret Boerner

For more than thirty years, the literary authority George Steiner has presented himself to Americans as a critic of culture—our culture in particular. He was educated at the University of Chicago, and he writes in English. But what he has used his time in America to do is tell us that we are provincial and parochial, ignorant in particular of the foreign languages we need to know for the philosophies and sciences we should study and the writers we should read.

In 1978, for example, in a talk called "The Archives of Eden," Steiner notoriously declared that the United States has produced little of cultural worth and instead functions as the repository of others' arts, having superb museums and libraries holding the work of non-Americans. The reason for this is that Americans most value "material progress and recompense." While great art is made by an elite for an elite, ours is a plebeian society in which "human mediocrity" prevails. Shy, diffident America was impressed and grateful to be enlisted into Steiner's larger intellectual world, and the *New Yorker* published more than 150 of his review-essays between 1967 and 1997.

Margaret Boerner teaches English at Villanova University.

The British (perhaps because they have an older and even more determinedly parochial culture) chose instead to regard Steiner primarily as a charlatan—a sort of polyglot, tiresomely serious-minded Woody Allen, scattering allusions to last week's *Scientific American*. The comic commentator on British life, Clive James, attended Steiner's lectures at Cambridge University during the late 1960s, heard the dons' doubts, and gave droll voice to their reservations in a brief section in his long, mocking doggerel about academics in England, *Peregrine Prykke's Pilgrimage*:

> *His name was broadcast by a neon sign*
> *On top of his top hat. It said DOC STEIN.*
> *A placard on his back asked, "Tired? Tense?"*
> *And answered, "Take my Culture cure. Ten cents."...*
> *"The Lapse," spake Stein, "of Culture in the West*
> *We know to be (a spectroscopic test*
> *Was carried out last week at M.I.T.*
> *By seven leading brains including me)*
> *A function of Verbality's decay."*

In his brief and newly published autobiographical essay, *Errata*, Steiner recalls the "unctuous venom" with which "elements in the English Faculty of Cambridge University during the 1960s" resisted him. His colleagues' animus was based, he tells us, on his being a polyglot ("French, German and English have been to me equally 'native'"). The British academics, insular bigots and fools, smugly assumed—as Steiner tells the story—that he could "never possess the somnambular at-homeness in a single tongue that marks both the writer and the receptive reader of a literary text."

The success of such writers as Joseph Conrad and Vladimir Nabokov, fluent from childhood in no fewer languages than Steiner, demonstrates the obvious falsity of this idea. But that doesn't mean his British colleagues were exactly wrong about the man. It merely means that the explanation for Steiner's leaden prose and tin ear must lie elsewhere.

The subtitle of *Errata* is the pretentiously Socratic "An Examined Life." (The title itself surely alludes to Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, in which Franklin refers to his life's adventures as "errata"—a printer's joke for typographical, moral, and intellectual errors.) The book recounts some striking anecdotes. When Steiner was six years old, his father introduced him to the *Iliad* in Greek. When he was nineteen, his roommate at the University of Chicago in the late 1940s—an ex-paratrooper who was able to leap straight from the floor onto his upper bunk—first introduced him to sex by taking him to a prostitute in Cairo, Illinois, "a town justly ill-famed but, by virtue of its name, reassuring to me." At the same university, his professor Allen Tate seriously asked him to research the question of "whether or not a Jew was, in the context of his faith and morals, at liberty to accept a challenge to a duel"—since Tate wished to challenge Karl Shapiro for criticizing Tate's choice of Ezra Pound's *Pisan Cantos* for the Bollingen Prize for poetry.

But these constitute almost the only recountings of events or challenges in Steiner's life. We learn that his father early feared and warned of the Nazis' intentions and that the family had fled from Vienna in 1924

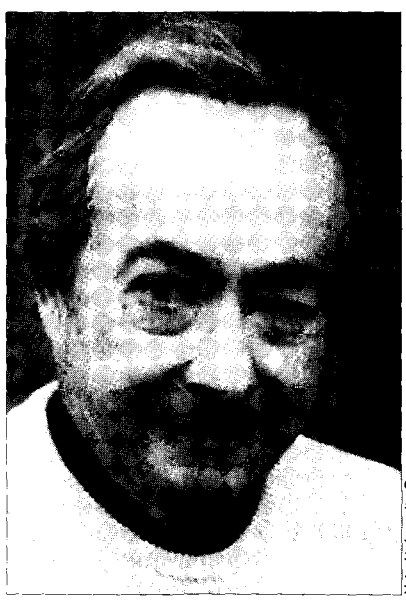
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Paris, where Steiner was born in 1929, and later arrived in Manhattan, where he attended high school at the French Lycée. We do not discover when the family arrived in Manhattan and do not hear any details at all of the family's forced peregrinations.

Of all Steiner's early and later family, we have a description only of his father—and that is almost exclusively a description of his father's "innermost passions" for "intellectual history" and "history and philosophic aspects of biology" and his desire that Steiner be "a teacher and a thorough scholar." His mother is "my radiant Mama"; his daughter an "exact and illuminating philologist"; and his wife one "whose sagacity of heart, radiant good sense, and unspoken perceptions are incomparable." This sole description of his wife, presumably his first and only wife, a much-admired diplomatic historian, is inserted into a sentence about her driving them in a blizzard and how "we edged the car . . . back to a paved road." The reader would love to know if his wife is driving because Steiner cannot drive—and how it is that she is driving but "we" got the car back on track. Is Steiner a back-seat driver determined to drive the car along with his wife? So sparse are personal details that one teases at any presented.

Instead, Steiner uses *Errata* to remount the hobbyhorses he has ridden again and again in his essays—the only difference being that this time he uses truncated personal anecdotes to start him off. Dusted off one more time in the book are such tired old chestnuts as: his assertion that after the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, there are virtually "no poetics" or "philosophic inquiry into the status of the imaginary" worth mentioning; his belief that Racine is better than Shakespeare because Shakespeare has no "orders of moral and intellectual clarity"; his opinion that it is because the Jews are the "begetters" of God that they are "unforgiven" in Western culture; and his conviction of "the radical untranslatability of music."

One worries a bit about his teaching when he tells us that "the Sirens of teaching and interpretation" first began to sing for him when, as a student at the University of Chicago, he saw the awe with which his fellow students received his view of Henry James's *The Golden Bowl* as "a somewhat overwrought, involuted parable" (which it isn't). He reminds the reader of his "distrust of theory" and belief that "the current triumph of the theoretical in literary, historical, sociological discourse is self-deception"—at which point one must remember that Steiner has frequently endorsed theory; he just can't stomach deconstructive theory.



Yale University Press

George Steiner
Errata
An Examined Life
Yale University Press, 192 pp., $25

It cannot really be explained why *Errata* focuses on Steiner's intellectual stances rather than on anything concrete about his location in time and space, about the facts and events in his life. Some (Steiner himself, perhaps) might claim that the book belongs to the genre of the "confession"—the genre in which St. Augustine, describing his intellectual and emotional pursuit of divine love, does not name his earthly "loves" (not even the woman by whom he had a child). Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Confessions* similarly describes his political and philosophical development with little concern for complete biographical detail, while James Joyce fictionalized his own account of intellectual and artistic development in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

We don't, however, have in fact a confession in *Errata*. At almost seventy years old, Steiner not only considers his life the sum of his ideas, but also seems to believe that his ideas sprang full-blown. There is no development, no progress in this book: Either Steiner has the same ideas he had reading the *Iliad* at age six and *The Rape of the Lock* at nineteen, or he has entirely forgotten that his ideas were ever inchoate or undeveloped.

This lack of self-recognition and self-historical understanding reveals Steiner for what, alas, he is: a lightweight in heavyweight's armor. Steiner and his rhetoric conjure up the Wizard of Oz: a necromancer, dexterous but pitiable, toiling endlessly over smoke-machines and other special effects. In *Errata* one searches, almost always in vain, for some insight into what connects the immigrant polymath to his high-sounding words. What emerges, touchingly enough, from Steiner's inability to venture any real intimacies is—once the reader has discounted his patented grandiosity—a curious analog to the old, old notion of a tragic flaw.

One peculiar aspect of *Errata* is its echo of *No Passion Spent*, a 1996 collection of what Steiner regards as his most important essays. The topics taken up are largely the same and so are the conclusions. Despite savage attack, Steiner has chosen to stand on the absolute importance of these topics for his life.

At the very end of *Errata*, Steiner finally addresses the expectations set up by his title, and—its hallmark pomposity notwithstanding—his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

description of his "errors" does achieve an unwitting pathos. He claims credit for introducing the ideas whose spread he despises but for which he wishes he had got the credit: "the thesis of deconstruction and postmodernism" and the introduction "to English-speaking readers [of] the Frankfurt School" of criticism. The reader hears ad nauseam of a "fundamental challenge I voiced" that "was taken up by others."

But Steiner's verbal slurry covers an emotional inarticulateness that he cannot address—and that could, in fact, have made in other hands a great autobiography. One of his errata rings truer than he himself seems to understand:

> My father was, and remains long after his death in 1968, the indispensable friend, the exigent partner in dialogue. Nevertheless, there may be a mustard-seed of truth in the psychoanalytic conjecture that an overthrow, a psychically homicidal erasure of one's father-figure, is necessary to independence; that there can be, without such rebellion, neither sufficient originality nor will to power. It may be that too much of my father's "library" . . . conditions and confines me still.

Some readers will have picked up this "mustard-seed of truth" from the beginning of *Errata* when Steiner described how a father conned a six-year-old into reading Homer's Greek and made him believe he'd understood a masterpiece. ♦

THE WRITER ALSO RISES

How Hemingway Became a Legend

By Brian Murray

Hemingway: the name still evokes carousing, bullfighting, big game hunting, the bars of Paris, the waters off Key West. It's linked, that name, with the most famous face in American literature.

Indeed, no modern writer was ever photographed so frequently—or so well. One thinks of the celebrated shot of Hemingway on safari, in Kenya, in 1953. There's Papa posed beside a large leopard, freshly bagged. The leopard looks fierce, and Hemingway, his rifle aloft, looks splendid. He's handsome, poised, and triumphant. His beard of silver shines. Only a year later Hemingway won the Nobel Prize for literature. And only eight years later he was dead by suicide, his name still magic but his career in decline.

Brian Murray teaches writing at Loyola College in Baltimore.

Books about Hemingway have flowed forth ever since. The earliest were sympathetic, even adoring, endorsing the view that Hemingway was a monumental figure whose spare, exacting, and sometimes swaggering style influenced several generations of American writers.

Of course, Papa's off his pedestal now. Over the past decade or so critics and biographers have been chipping away at the Hemingway myth and offering in its place the image of a man who, when not toiling over his prose, was almost always behaving badly. Hemingway debunked is self-destructive and self-absorbed—touchy, truculent, a tad paranoid.

In *Hemingway and His Conspirators*, Leonard J. Leff focuses primarily on the making of Hemingway's public image, suggesting that several factors came together to give the author of *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) and *A Farewell to Arms* (1929) a fascinating ride to literary fame. In part, Leff contends that Hemingway "rose from obscurity to prominence not only because he had talent and personality but because he was adopted and championed by publishers as well as reprint houses, reporters, photographers, and especially movie companies."

Nor was Hemingway a passive partner in all this. Although he assumed a rather detached pose, and claimed to hate the trappings of fame, Hemingway was susceptible to both "the accouterments of a literary career and the blandishments of a culture of celebrity." Leff declares, "Inside the serious writer of the 1920s was the notorious personality and durable exhibitionist of the 1940s and beyond."

The Sun Also Rises started Hemingway's ascent, marking him as a distinctive stylist, a writer to watch. Leff suggests that Hemingway fully realized that the novel would be "fashionably indecent." He also hoped it would be both "praised by highbrows" and "read by lowbrows"—a consistent Hemingway goal. The publishing house of Scribner's, Leff writes, had just as deliberately aimed *The Sun Also Rises* at college students, a proven audience for novels promising "sensation" if not "sensationalism." Thus Scribner's shrewdly wrapped *The Sun Also Rises* in a somewhat racy *Yellow Book*-like jacket that "breathed sex yet also evoked classical Greece." Years later, the critic Malcolm Cowley would remember Smith College women "modeling themselves after Lady Brett," while his own pals, "bright young men from the Middle West," were "trying to be Hemingway heroes, talking in tough understatements from the sides of their mouths."

But by the time *A Farewell to Arms* appeared, both Hemingway and Scribner's were more eager to reach "the general public" and so hatched a plan to replace the image of Heming-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way "the coterie author" with "Hemingway the robust American male." Thus *Scribner's* magazine—an esteemed venue in those days—ran photos of Hemingway wading ashore in Key West, holding "a fishing rod in one hand and an enormous tarpon in the other." The pictures spoke volumes, telling readers that Hemingway was perfectly all right for "middlebrow consumption." He was "no Paris phony but a virile storyteller with the masculine grace of a model." He had "the silver-screen allure of Gary Cooper."

The 1932 film version of *A Farewell to Arms*, starring Cooper and Helen Hayes, was planned and promoted as a major release. Now, high-toned Scribner's joined forces with Paramount Pictures and its more practiced publicity machine. Paramount unleashed a flood of material on Hemingway, all of it dazzling and most of it wrong. Hemingway, the studio shamelessly claimed, had once flattened a French boxing champion and still bore a silver plate in his shoulder—a poignant reminder of his battlefield heroics during the Great War.

The film, a box-office hit, sparked further sales of the novel and yet more publicity for Ernest Hemingway, the dashing writer-adventurer reared in a sober Chicago suburb. Hemingway was no Houdini, instantly known to tabloid readers everywhere. But, as Leff writes, he was by now "aped, optioned, caricatured, adapted, praised, roasted, celebrated, mocked, filmed, honored, scorned, and quoted. In short, he was famous."

Leff stresses that Hemingway's rise to stardom took place within the context of vast social change. As its population grew, the United States became linked by mass communications as never before. Increasingly, whether in Albany or Azusa, people listened to the same radio programs and read the same books and magazines, including *Time*, which began the practice of prominently exhibiting "personalities" behind the news. Indeed, according to Leff, early accounts in *Time* of Hemingway's skills as a skier, fisherman, and soldier helped solidify the Hemingway persona for years to come.

Leff calls *Time* "one of the megaphones of the culture of celebrity." Obviously, Hollywood was an even more potent force, and its own habit of treating screen actors as "stars" who were also somehow "known" to their audiences was crucial in transforming "the relationship between Americans and their public figures." Certainly, by the late 1920s, Hollywood's "razzmatazz" style had made its mark on the publishing industry, where the more venerable houses, like Scribner's, had hitherto seen themselves as "adherents of literature, conservators whose status hinged on association with great, rather than go-getting, authors." But now, like "cosmetics, automobiles, or motion pictures," publishing "was an industry whose future depended on turning out a product for a mass audience. The author was part of that product, the more promotable the better."

Leonard J. Leff
Hemingway and His Conspirators
Hollywood, Scribner's, and the Making of American Celebrity
Rowman & Littlefield, 224 pp., $22.95

The photogenic Hemingway was eminently "promotable" and, according to Leff, sensed his celebrity potential from the start. Leff calls this Hemingway—the one who courted editors, posed for cameras, and very carefully tallied up his royalties—the "Professional Writer." As such, Hemingway sold accounts of his fishing trips to popular magazines and, to Scribner's delight, once planned and drafted a "hard-boiled" novel about gangsters and crooks he was sure would rack up large sales.

But the other Hemingway—the "Author," Leff calls him—deplored such vulgar behavior. This Hemingway, the protégé of Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein, had absorbed the modernist aesthetic that assumed "audience was secondary to craft." This Hemingway also held that the true artist wrote "for the relief of his own mind and without thought of publication." As "the Author," Hemingway "professed that he hated the traffic in photographs, Book of the Month Club editions, and stage or movie adaptations that could bring an author fame and fortune." He even claimed that the popular success of *A Farewell to Arms* made him "embarrassed and uneasy and vaguely sick."

Leff is at home in the popular culture of the 1920s and 30s. His previous publications include *Hitchcock and Selznick* (1987) and (with Jerold Simmons) *The Dame in the Kimono* (1990), a study of the Motion Picture Association's early attempts at self-regulation and its establishment, in 1930, of the Production Code. In *Hemingway and His Conspirators*, Leff is at his best when he recounts Hemingway's own troubles with various censors—including his editor, the fabled Max Perkins, who was understandably squeamish about the stark swearing he found in evolving drafts of *A Farewell to Arms*. The novel's film version had its own problems with the Motion Picture Association—as well as the Italian embassy—but Paramount, Leff tells us, "tended to flout the Production Code." And in fact the movie's wide success with critics and viewers in cities large and small convinced the studio that its relatively huge financial investment had paid off.

Still, it's doubtful that most general readers will find *Hemingway and His Conspirators* a gripping read. The book's pace is slowed with references to contracts, print runs, and percentages of gross—subjects that only accountants and certain academics could love. And it's never quite clear where Leff with all of his quotes and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statistics wants to go. In his preface Leff suggests that he will show that Hemingway was "contrary" as well as exhibitionistic. But that's hardly news. We've long known that Hemingway was part Teddy Roosevelt, part Gertrude Stein.

In his final chapter Leff rather suddenly charges that Hemingway "the Author" was, in fact, destroyed by his crasser "professional" side. In the end Hemingway, writes Leff, had "no defense against the celebrity that devoured the private person within." Leff even implies that Hemingway put a gun to his head in the summer of 1961 because he had, in effect, sold out, knowing not only that he had settled for "personal rather than literary fame," but that he'd long been unable to supply "the vast audience of the twentieth century with work that was honest and controlled, work as powerful or as enduring as *In Our Time*, *The Sun Also Rises*, and *A Farewell to Arms*."

Perhaps. But it's also worth remembering that by the time he died Hemingway was a physical wreck contending with skin cancer, chronic diabetes, and, more devastating, alcoholism of the worst kind. During the last twenty years of his life, the man was knocking back a quart of booze a day. Moreover Hemingway was always something of an over-achiever—a journalist and short story writer who found fiction writing agonizingly difficult, but whose first, widely promoted novels caught supremely well a certain mood of the time. The British critic Julian Symons got it right several years ago when he called Hemingway "the classic modern case of a writer who created a style but lacked suitable subjects." Hemingway, he added, "had no interest in other people except so far as they affected himself, no political beliefs, little cultural background. His subject was himself and the physical actions, often including violence, that excited him."

It thus seems strained for critics like Leff to mourn once more Hemingway's tragic literary demise. For one suspects that—even under the best of conditions—Papa simply lacked the temperament to keep turning out landmark novels, each more wholly compelling than the last. In fact, in light of his struggles and limitations, Hemingway's later achievement looks quite remarkable in its way. It includes several posthumous titles—*A Movable Feast* (1964), *Islands in the Stream* (1970) and *The Garden of Eden* (1986)—for which many readers are grateful. It also includes, of course, *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), a little miracle of a book that Leff scarcely mentions at all. ♦

THE SCIENCE OF HOLLYWOOD

Moviegoers Have Reasons That Reason Knows Naught Of

By John Podhoretz

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14. How is it that moviegoers know, on the basis of almost no information, to stay away from a stinker? I've just been to see *Sphere*, which would seem ready-made to please. Its director, Barry Levinson, and its star, Dustin Hoffman, both won Oscars for *Rain Man* almost a decade ago. It's based on a novel by its producer, Michael Crichton, who is the most financially successful writer in America (from his TV series *ER* and the royalties from the movie version of his *Jurassic Park*, he has earned something like $100 million in the past three years). It features the ever-alluring Sharon Stone and the scene-stealing Samuel L. Jackson.

And yet tickets are readily available for *Sphere* on the second night of its release at my local multiplex, where almost everything else is sold out (even *As Good As It Gets*, the bathetic Jack Nicholson movie that's been around since Christmas). Somehow, other people managed to figure out ahead of time the truth it cost me $9 to uncover: *Sphere* is awful. It combines brain-numbing stupidity with deep pomposity in an unholy mix that says a great deal about the current state of Hollywood.

This is a movie that should never have been made, and never would have been were it not for the conversion of Michael Crichton into a brand name so powerful, even his detritus becomes the subject of a Hollywood bidding war. Crichton is a peculiar pop-culture figure, a gimmicky futurist who writes cautionary tales about the evils of science, a Buchananite who has become rich beyond imagining in an industry increasingly dependent on free international markets. A doctor by training, he howled against Hillary Clinton's health-care plan at a Hollywood press conference before the premiere of *ER* in the summer of 1994.

He's also a jack-of-all-trades, though incompetent at most of them. He has directed several movies, ranging from the stillborn (*The First Great Train Robbery*) to the painful (*Looker*, about a gun that hypnotizes you). The catalogue he produced for a Whitney Museum exhibition of Jasper Johns's work is notoriously bad. His primary career is, of course, as a novelist, a trade he has been practicing for three decades now. But though *Jurassic Park* and *The Lost World* made him enor-

Editor of the editorial pages of the New York Post, *John Podhoretz is a contributing editor to* THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mously famous, he has remained a lousy storyteller. Almost invariably, his novels take the same form: They are "reports" on a calamitous event that unfolds over the course of a week—with one teacher character who understands the unfolding plot and guides the stick-figure protagonist (a stand-in for the reader) through a porous conspiracy.

So why is Crichton so successful? For one reason: He is an intellectual popularizer whose subject is high technology, something like a third-wave version of Will and Ariel Durant. He's always a year or so ahead of the curve—which is to say, he takes notions and concepts floating around the Science Times section of the *New York Times* and figures out ways of turning them into melodrama. What made *Jurassic Park* so vivid, despite its lax plotting, was not the dinosaurs but Crichton's portrayal of chaos theory. In the midst of *Disclosure*, his 1994 novel about the sexual harassment of a male executive, Crichton offered what was then the most convincing and vivid explanation of cyberspace. The novel's story was largely developed through e-mail, which seemed very exciting and cutting-edge at the time. *Rising Sun*, his obscenely offensive 1992 novel about how sinister Orientals were taking over America, revolved around the possibility of manipulating and editing digitized images.

But it's more entertaining to think about Crichton's ideas than to see them executed on screen, as the disappointing depiction of cyberspace in the film version of *Disclosure* (also directed by Barry Levinson) proved. The talking gorillas he dreamed up in *Congo* were even worse. And now comes *Sphere*, universally considered his silliest book, full of black holes and time travel and killer jellyfish and mysterious aliens who grant humans magical powers—all of which would have seemed cliché-ridden when Rod Serling was producing *The Twilight Zone* back in the early 1960s.

Four scientists find themselves in a habitat on the ocean floor examining a spaceship. It turns out to be an American ship from the future, and in its payload is a big golden sphere. The sphere grants the people who come close to it the power to make their dreams real. Now, why would an alien sphere allow itself to be brought to earth to give Sharon Stone the power to make manifest her fantasies? Never mind—eventually Dustin & Co. will join hands and wish to forget everything they've seen because mankind just isn't ready for that sort of power. The End.

Rod Serling fancied himself an intellectual, and *The Twilight Zone* was at times like a secular sermon whose message was: "Be nice to people." So, too, by dint of the fact that he actually reads some non-fiction, Crichton is Hollywood's idea of a cutting-edge intellectual. After all, he's a doctor and an art critic and a novelist *and* he's very famous. Leave it to Barry Levinson—a once-amusing director now terminally afflicted with the desire to deliver stern lectures to the American people about how they watch too much television—to imagine that *Sphere* is actually a profound work about human nature.

Until *Jurassic Park* became a huge hit, *Sphere* had found its proper home in the remainder bins at the bookstore. When Crichton became a brand name, Hollywood sought desperately to capitalize on him, without ever asking the question: What's at all interesting about a big alien sphere on the bottom of the ocean? And if this sphere is so powerful, why doesn't it come bobbing to the surface like a big balloon?

Sunday, February 15. Actually, when I went to the movies last night and witnessed the horror of *Sphere*, I had wanted to see *The Wedding Singer*, a movie starring nobody special and directed by a novice—but there wasn't a ticket to be had. Tonight I did manage to get into *The Wedding Singer*, and again I was astonished to find that the crowds knew what they were doing: This exuberant, unassuming little movie is the best American comedy since *Jerry Maguire*.

I find my enthusiasm all the more astounding because the movie's star is Adam Sandler, a *Saturday Night Live* alumnus whom I have always heartily detested. But Sandler is nothing short of wonderful in the title part, playing a nice kid from Jersey in his mid-twenties whose sole ambition is to start a family with his longtime girlfriend. Though he is a talented singer and songwriter, he would be happy to stay in Ridgewood performing before contented guests at banquets and receptions.

But when his girlfriend skips their wedding, Sandler's world crumbles. At his first post-dumping gig, a wedding reception, he weeps his way through a mournful version of Madonna's "Holiday" before bursting into a rendition of the J. Geils Band's classic "Love Stinks"—and gets decked by the bride's father at the finish. He is befriended by Drew Barrymore, who serves the food while he sings; she is marrying her longtime boyfriend and asks Sandler to help her prepare for her nuptials. This being a romantic comedy, complications ensue.

The Wedding Singer is set in 1985, which gives the movie a distinctive sound, look, and feel—director Frank Coraci and screenwriter Tim Herlihy evoke the 1980s with such affection and good humor that one is reminded what a high-spirited time those years really were. *The Wedding Singer* is knowing without being horribly ironic; the characters have ludicrous hairstyles and silly clothing, but they are given their due and not condescended to.

Sphere, which takes itself with deadly solemnity, was made because Hollywood was blinded by its own greed. *The Wedding Singer*, which is no more than an inspired jape, was made for love. And somehow, moviegoers knew this before they had ever seen either one. ♦

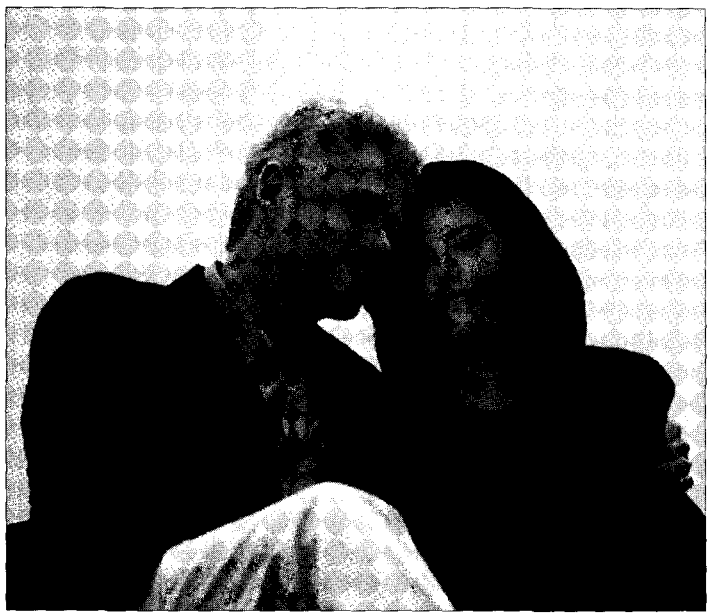
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORK TIMES **WEDDINGS** *SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 2001*

VOWS

Monica Lewinsky and Bill Clinton

By LOIS SMITH BRADY



MONICA Lewinsky waited a long time for Bill Clinton. There were those endless moments in the vestibule while Mr. Clinton was talking peso devaluation with the Mexican premier, and of course there were those 18 months while Mr. Clinton served out his jail term for perjury at Leavenworth. But when Mr. Clinton finally asked her to marry him, it was all worth it. "He was so old-fashioned," Ms. Lewinsky remembers fondly. "He got down on one knee. It was such a turnaround! I almost didn't recognize him."

And it turns out that Bill Clinton has been waiting for Monica Lewinsky a long time as well. "He's always felt it was important to save himself for the right girl," says Ann Lewis, who served as Mr. Clinton's communications director during his White House days. "Few people know that Mr. Clinton had never had sexual relations until he became engaged to Miss Lewinsky—I mean by certain definitions of that term."

The two were finally wed Saturday evening at the Mirage Hotel in Las Vegas, where Mr. Clinton now works as a greeter. It was a simple Jewish ceremony with 250 topless showgirls. At first the couple thought they might have to arrange a mixed marriage, since Miss Lewinsky is Jewish and Mr. Clinton is a Fellatian. But during the preparations Mr. Clinton revealed that his mother was in fact Jewish and that he even underwent some impromptu Talmud study during his second tour of combat in Vietnam.

Miss Lewinsky, who graduated from Lewis and Clark College summa cum laude, will henceforth be known as Monica Lewis Rodham Ginsburg Clinton. She wore a mottled white wedding gown, adapted from a flowing executive mansion T-shirt by Donna Karan. She was escorted down the aisle and coached on her vows by Vernon Jordan, a long time friend and enabler, and embraced by her mother, Marcia Lewis, who then broke down and had to be taken from the ceremony on a stretcher. Mr. Clinton, who graduated from Georgetown, Yale, Oxford, the Naval Academy, and the National Basketball Association before becoming the youngest disgraced ex-president in U.S. history, wore a simple black tuxedo and looked flushed and joyful. "I've always wanted to do this," Mr. Clinton said just before the ceremony. "She makes my knees knock. I especially love the way her hair flows down her back."

Mr. Clinton's first marriage ended in attempted murder and then divorce.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's latest success story just happens to be in Puerto Rico.

The 3.8 million U.S. citizens of Puerto Rico are benefiting from some truly remarkable developments. Over the past four years, the island has emerged as an innovator with bold new policies and programs that serve as examples to other states.

Taxes for the middle class have been cut by an average of 20 percent, putting more money back into the pockets of the people who earned it.

School choice and the introduction of community drug-free schools are ensuring that Puerto Rico has a work force prepared to meet the challenges of the next century.

Housing reforms are opening doors to home ownership for 250,000 Puerto Rican Americans. Outdated public housing laws are being replaced with an innovative home ownership program that is already helping to revitalize many communities.

Today, over one million of Puerto Rico's people have health insurance they never enjoyed before, and by 1999, virtually all citizens will be insured.

A sweeping anti-crime initiative has resulted in a 39 percent reduction in violent crimes, and has made Puerto Rico a safe place to raise families and build futures.

We think you'll agree this is a remarkable success story. And it's a success story that millions of American citizens in Puerto Rico are helping to write.

Puerto Rico USA

WHERE GREAT IDEAS ARE BEING PUT TO WORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR MONEY?

OR YOUR HEALTH?

Since day one, the measure of good health care in America has been held hostage by a faulty equation: The most money buys the best care. The unfortunate legacy of the old fee-for-service system is it did a better job of raising costs than quality. ▪ Can any system raise the quality of health care for Americans while controlling its costs? We believe the answer is an unqualified yes. ▪ First off, the best care cannot be defined as the most expensive or the least expensive. It is the right care delivered at the right time. Ideally, it's a measure taken to prevent an illness before it ever occurs. Like an immunization, for instance. Or one that catches a disease early enough that something can be done about it. ▪ That's why our women's program was the first to cover annual mammograms for all women over 40. We know what it costs, but by treating breast cancer in its earliest stages, we also know what it can save. ▪ The best care can even halt the progression of chronic disease. Our congestive heart failure program provides a cardiac nurse to educate at-risk members on the importance of taking prescribed medications, and to help them make lifestyle adjustments. The result has been a significant decline in hospitalization rates and an overall improvement in patient well-being. ▪ Not coincidentally, our model of prevention, early detection and chronic disease management promotes better health, with the added value of lowering health care costs. Which in turn enables companies such as ours to provide more people than ever the best choices modern medicine can offer. And do so without offering the one choice no one should ever again have to make: Their money? Or their health?

Ætna US Healthcare

You'll feel better with us.®

©1998 Aetna U.S. Healthcare Inc. www.aetnaushc.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED